THE

GOLDEN HARP

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

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THE

GOLDEN HARP:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS, TUNES, AND CHORUSES,

FOR THE USE OF

SABBATH SCHOOLS,

SOCIAL GATHERINGS, PICNICS, AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY

L. O. EMERSON,

AUTHOR OF THE "GOLDEN WREATH," &C., &C.

BOSTON

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & C(

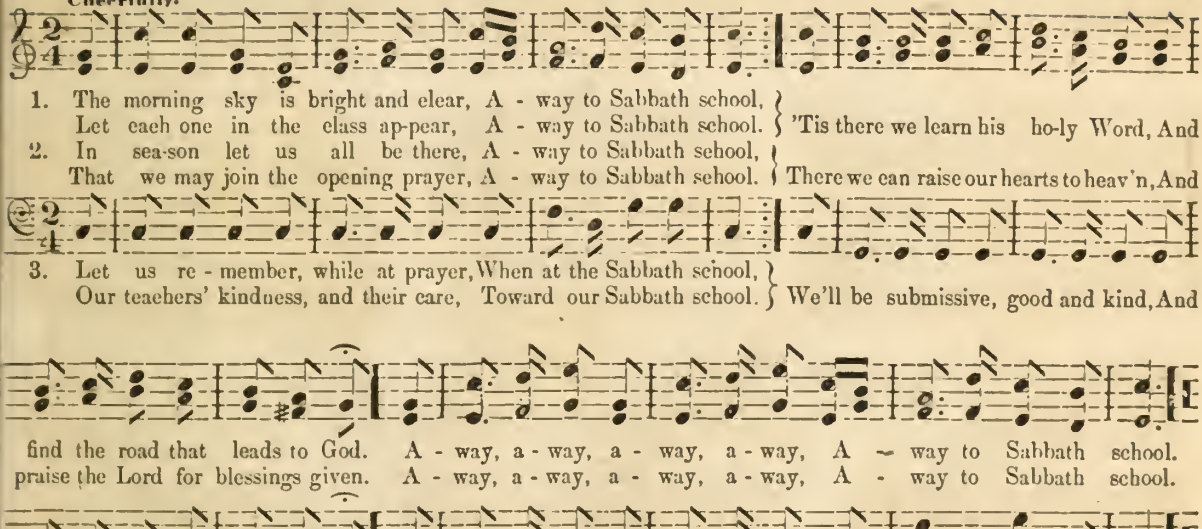
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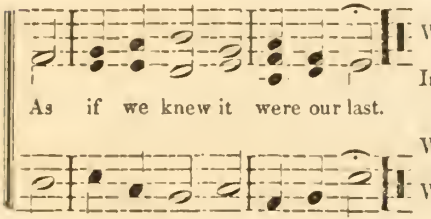
THE

GOLDEN HARP.

1. AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL.







2

Smile, Lord, on those whose toil and care
Are spent for our instruction here;
And let our conduct ever prove
Our gratitude for all their love.

3

Through life may we perform thy will—
Our various duties all fulfil;
Then join the friends we here have known,
In nobler songs around thy throne.

3.

Dismissal of a Good Scholar.

We offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestow'd,
In leading one beneath our care
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2

Whatever to his lot may fall,—
What toilsome duties to fulfil,—
We do not know; but in them all
Be thou his strength and comfort still.

3

May Jesus be his constant friend—
The Bible his support and stay;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend,
To bless and guide him day by day.

4.

Asleep in Jesus.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2

Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venomed sting!

3

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4

Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blisstul refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

(LUTHER'S CHANT)

COME, LITTLE CHILDREN. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER,
From the AMERICAN HARP.
By permission.



2

In youth, he taught our sinless hearts
To read the book which life imparts:
O may we ever love to bless
Our Father, God—the God of grace.

3

He gave for us his only Son,
To teach us every vice to shun,
And give us hope of endless life,
Beyond the reign of sin and strife.

6.

A Morning Hymn.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2

Thee would I praise, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

7.

Praise for the Sabbath School.

Let us unite to bless the Lord,
That we are taught to read his word—
To walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,
To seek his grace, and sing his praise.

2

While many boys and girls we meet,
Breaking the Sabbath in the street,
Misspending all this welcome day,
In foolish talk and wicked play;

3

We to thy sacred house of prayer,
With gratitude, would oft repair,
To adore thy name, to seek thy face,
And hear the message of thy grace.

8.

Coming to God.

Almighty God, to thee on high,
With reverence would my spirit bow:
How frail a creature, Lord, am I,
Eternal One, how great art thou!

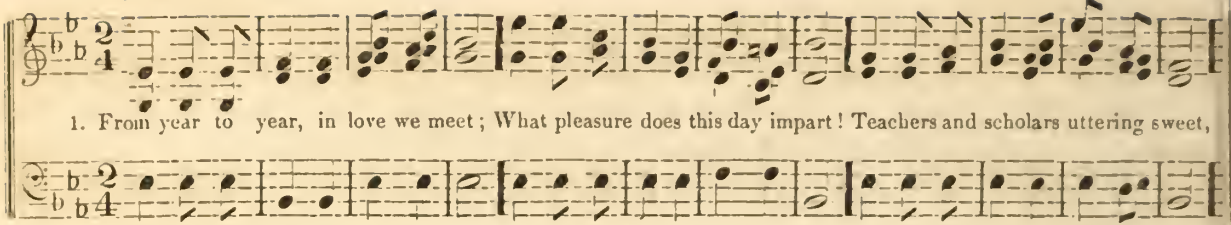
2

Thy boundless love invites us near,
And bids us look to heaven our home;
As children, then, we will not fear;
With our meek offerings, Lord, we come.

3

In heaven, O God, thou hearest us:
On thee we ever may depend,
And raise our humble voices thus,
As to a father and a friend.

9. ADRIAN. L. M.



2

As time rolls on, from year to year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Can welcome this returning day.

3

Death, ere this year shall close, may strike
Some of our number, marked to fall;
Teachers and scholars, list alike!
The warning is to each, to all.

10.

Versification of the Beatitudes.

O, blest in spirit are the poor;
The heavenly kingdom they possess;
And they that mourn shall mourn no more,
The mourners, God will surely bless.

2

The meek in heart the Lord will bless,
And they shall dwell in all the land;
And those who thirst for righteousness,
They shall be filled from God's own hand.

3

O, blessed are the merciful,
For mercy they shall sure obtain;
And blessed are the pure in soul,
For they God's favor shall reclaim.

4

O blest are they who strive for peace,
For they shall be the Lord's delight;
The heavenly kingdom shall increase,
In those who suffer for the right.

O blest are they whom men revile,
And persecute for Jesus' sake—
They shall rejoice in God's own smile,
And rich reward from Heaven take.

11.

Love and Kindness.

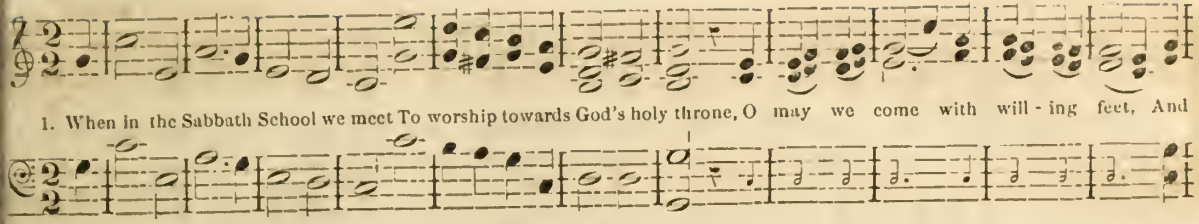
How many ways the young may find
To be of use, if so inclined!
How many services perform,
If love is earnest, constant, warm!

2

A life that's spent for self alone,
Can never be a useful one;
The good will ever scorn to be,
Inactive in society.

3

However trifling what we do,
If a good purpose be in view,
Although we should not have success,
Our motive God will see and bless.



2

And when we bend the lowly knee,
Or join in praise the tuneful choir,
Or raise our humble prayers to thee,
Do thou, O God, our thoughts inspire.

3

Wilt thou impart thy sacred love,
To warm our hearts, to guide our prayer,
And fit our souls for heaven above,
That we may serve thee better there.

13

Desire of God's favor.

In days of childhood may I think
On thy bright glories, O my God,
On all the tokens of thy love
And mercy thou dost spread abroad.

2

O teach my pliant heart to feel
Renewing grace and saving love,
That I may fix my hopes in thee,
And wait for perfect joys above.

3

That as I travel through this world
Of sin, of sorrow, guilt, and woe,
I may withstand its many snares,
And towards thy blissful mansions go.

14.

Desire of Truth.

Almighty Father, God of Love,
To thee, I fain would raise my prayer;
May I to thee obedient prove,
And be the object of thy care.

2

Assist me, Lord, to know thy will,
To read it on thy holy page;
All thy commands may I fulfil,
From tender youth to ripened age.

3

In revelation may I find
The truths which sanctify the heart,
Which elevate the human mind,
And heavenly peace and joy impart.

15.

God is Everywhere.

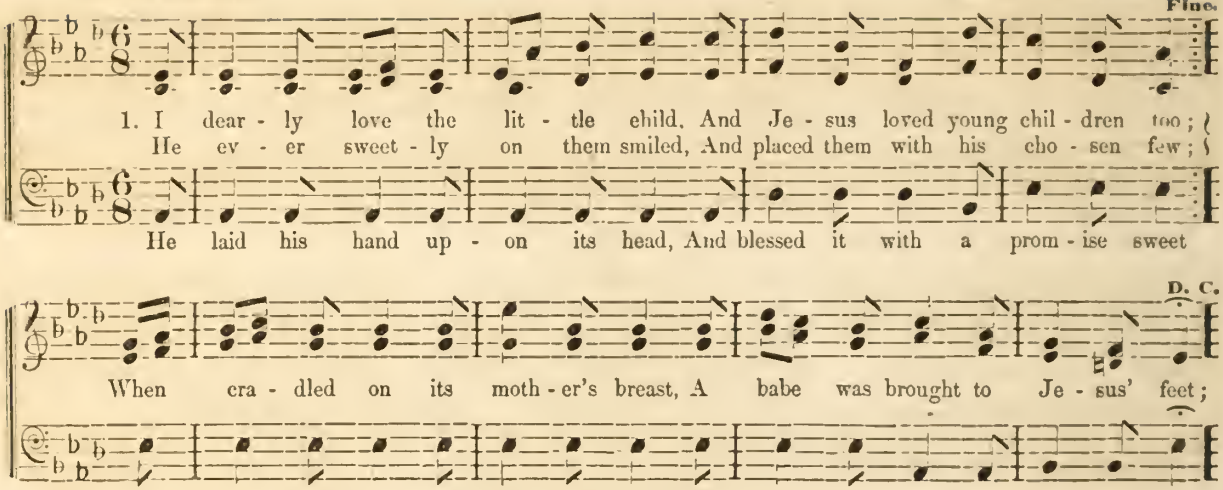
There is an unseen Power around,
Existing in the silent air:
Where treadeth man, where space is found,
Unheard, unknown, that Power is there.

2

That Pow'r which watches, guides, defends,
Till man becomes a lifeless sod,
Till, raised from death, to heaven ascends,
That Omnipresent Power is God.

16. AFFECTION. L. M. Double.

Words by Mrs. Dana. Music by L. O. Emerson.



2

Forbid them not, the Saviour said;
O suffer them to come to me!
Of such my heavenly kingdom is;
Like them may all my followers be;
Young children are the gems of earth,
The brightest jewels mothers have;
They sparkle on the throbbing breast,
But brighter shine beyond the grave.

17.

Sabbath Morning.

Welcome, sweet morn, we hail with joy
Thy holy light, thy blest employ;
And come a happy favored band,
One sacred hour with Christ to spend.
Our grateful hearts would humbly pray
That he will bless our school to-day;
To him our joyful notes of praise,
With one united voice we raise.

2

An offering to our heavenly King
Of glad hosannas now we bring;
And hope at last in his embrace,
Secure from sin, to find a place.
O, it shall be our constant prayer,
That we may here his blessings share;
Then go and live at Christ's right hand,
A joyful, happy, favored band.

18.

A Pleasant Day.

The clear blue sky looks full of love:
Let all our selfish passions cease;
O, let us lift our thoughts above,
Where all is brightness, goodness, peace!
If we have done another wrong,
O, let us seek to be forgiven!
Nor let one discord spoil the song
Our hearts would raise this day to heav'n.

2

This blessed day, when the pure air
Is full of sweetness, full of joy,
When all around is calm and fair,
Shall we the harmony destroy?
O, may it be our earnest care
To free our souls from every sin!
Then will each day be bright and fair,
For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

19

Evening.

Why do I love the hour of rest?
Is it because the lingering light
Is glorious in the ruddy west,
And winds are soft, and stars are bright?
O, yes! I love the evening breeze,
I joy the setting sun to see;
But there's a holier charm than these
Hallows the evening hour to me.

2

It is that then my mother speaks
Of prayer, and heaven, and God on high;
To make me pious gently seeks,
And fit me, e'en in youth, to die,
And when the happy hour is flown,
She quits her little worshipper,—
With kiss and blessing left alone,
In my own heart to pray for her.

20.

The Child's Intercession.

O Thou who see'st the sparrow's fall,
And hear'st the raven's feeble cry,
Whose tender care extends to all,
To thee we raise the prayerful eye;
To thee we owe the power of thought,
To thee the virtue-giving skill,
To read thy book with wisdom fraught,
To understand thy sovereign will.

2

But not alone the power to know,
The means of knowledge thou hast giv'n,
As in the Sunday school below,
We learn the glorious way to heaven;
Father! when here thy children meet,
With good desires our bosoms fill,
And humbly, at our Saviour's feet,
May we resolve to do thy will.

21.

Memory of the Past.

How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.
So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

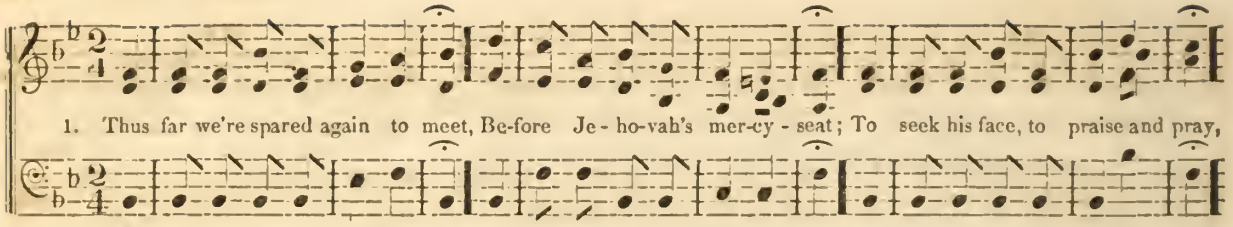
22.

The Sabbath.

To him, who for six days a week
Can rarely call an hour his own,
How sweet to watch the Sabbath break,
And bless the light that heav'n has thrown;
Oh, welcome more than tongue can name,
The dearest morn that greets our soil
Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim,
Which shuts the busy world of toil.

2

From morn to eve, from morn to eve—
Still wakening but for work alone;
Oh Heaven! it is a blest reprieve
To have one day to call our own;
One day to breathe a wider span,
Untethered by the bonds of trade,
To leave the plodding world of man,
And view the world which God has made.



2

Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display
On each returning Sabbath-day.

24.

Our Saviour.

Children, there was a little child,
Who was so holy, good and mild,
That never from his lips was heard
One angry, sinful, wicked word.

2

E'en from the time his life began,
He grew beloved by God and man;
He yielded to his parents' sway,
Without one murmur or delay.

3

He spent his life in "doing good,"
And cruel treatment ever stood;
At last by wicked hands he died—
On Calvary he was crucified.

4

The SAVIOUR was this holy child,
Who was so often scorned, reviled,
And he his blessed life has given,
That all at last might live in heaven.

25.

Teacher's Meeting.

Indulgent God of love and power,
Be with us at this solemn hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2

Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are, combine
To forward objects so divine.

26.

Parting.

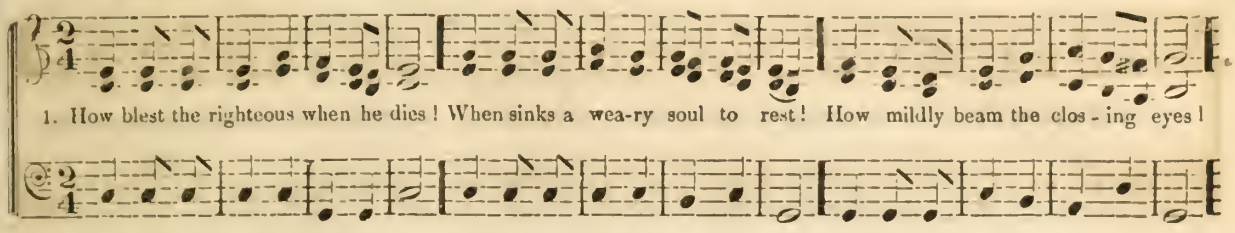
Father, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend:
Thou Guide and Guardian of my ways,
Our first, and last, and only Friend.

2

Since every day and hour that's gone,
Has been with mercy richly crowned;
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
Forever sure, as time rolls round.

3

Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone;
Though we may meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.



2

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies.'

28

Heaven alone Unfading.

How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this.

2

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4

Then let the hope of joys to come,
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing thro' a vale of tears.

29

The Christian's Parting Hour.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2

Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest; [power,
When faith, endued from heaven with
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless,
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?



2

We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh:
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.

3

We are but young—we need a guide,
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless us—helpless youth.

4

We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days,
Be all devoted to his praise.

31.

Teacher's Hymn.

Here, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we meet,
Joined by the cord of mutual love,
Bound to our common Friend above.

2

Our hearts thy throne of grace address;
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appeared a child of lowly birth.

3

May wisdom, zeal, and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire;
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope looks joyful to the skies.

4

Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
Now while we meet before thy face,
That we may feel, ere we depart,
Thy love diffused through every heart.

32.

Improvement.

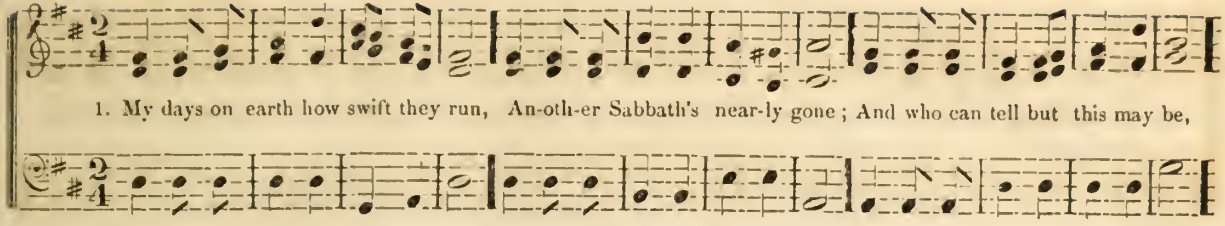
We've met another Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven;
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.

2

May all we heard and understood,
Be well remembered thro' the week;
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

3

So when our lives are finished here,
And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er;
May we, at thy right hand, appear,
To serve and love thee evermore.



2

Since I am not too young to die,
I would at once to Jesus fly;
For those who trust his saving power,
Shall never know a sorrowing hour.

3

I would his word of truth believe,
That little children he'll receive:
Their feeble prayer will not disdain,
Nor shall they seek his face in vain.

4

On this dear friend may I rely;
Then, should I soon be called to die,
I need not fear, for death would be
A welcome messenger to me.

34

The House of Prayer.

When to the throne of grace we come,
With lifted hands and tearful eyes,
If no devotion warm the breast,
The heartless prayer unheeded dies.

2

He who his gracious word has given,
To answer pure and ardent prayer
With blessings from his mercy seat,
Will never meet with triflers there.

3

Then, when within his earthly courts,
The form of worshippers we wear,
O let not lips and hands alone,
But our whole souls be raised in prayer.

35.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, full of grace divine,
To thy great name be praises paid;
Thy kingdom come, thy glory shine,
And be thy will on earth obeyed.

2

Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do thou supply;
With Gospel truths feed us, we pray,
That we may never faint or die.

3

Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And let us free from evil live.

4

For thine's the kingdom, and the power,
And all the glory waits thy name:
Let every land thy grace adore,
And sound a long and loud Amen.



2

When discontent would strive to move
Our hearts to doubt our Maker's love,
Those soothing strains shall calm the flood
Of passions wild, for "God is good."

3

And when we gaze on nature's face,
And see the marks of Sovereign grace,
We hear from every vale and wood
The tuneful whisper, "God is good."

4

O, could our souls but soar away
To those bright scenes of endless day,
In strains of glory we would sing
The goodness of our Heavenly King.

37.

Bad Company

The thoughtless youth who takes no heed,
Will soon in folly's footsteps stray;
Ten thousand paths to ruin lead,
And sinners throng each wicked way.

2

He who can mix with wicked youths,
Will soon be brought to feel as they;
Will soon dislike all sacred truths,
And from instruction turn away.

3

He'll then, perhaps, go on to scorn,
And make the truths of God a jest;
Unhappy youth! his peace is gone,
And conscience now destroys his rest.

4

Forsake the wicked: — seek your God:
His grace and peace he'll freely give;
Let, then, the path of peace be trod;
Walk with the wise, and you shall live

38.

I must not sin.

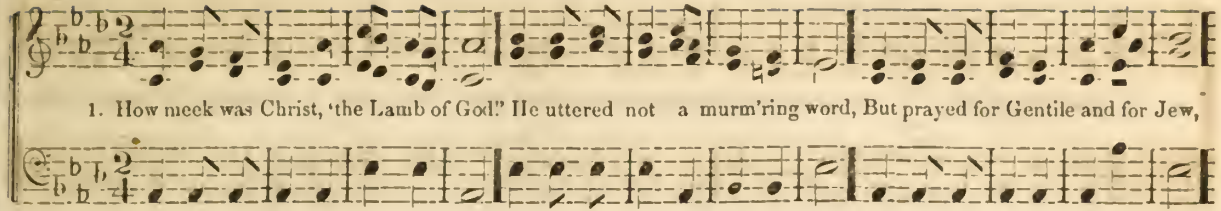
I must not sin as many do,
Lest I lie down in sorrow too;
For God is angry every day,
With wicked ones who go astray.

2

From sinful words I must refrain;
I must not take God's name in vain;
I must not work, I must not play
Upon God's holy Sabbath-day.

3

And if my parents speak the word,
I must obey them in the Lord:
Nor steal, nor lie, nor waste my days
In idle tales and foolish plays.



2

'Twas thus he prayed, just as he died,
For those who pierced his bleeding side;
May I, dear Lord, like thee be meek,
When smitten, turn the other cheek.

3

Let not revenge e'er fill my heart,
But may I act a nobler part,
And bless all those who injure me,
And pray that they may be like thee.

4

Let meekness reign in every breast,
Hush guilty passions all to rest;
May all the world, subdued by love,
Be like the angel hosts above.

10.

Child's Missionary Hymn.

Lord! can a simple child like me,
Assist to turn the world to thee?
Or send the bread of life to hands
Stretched out for it in heathen lands?

2

Will this poor mite I call my own,
Lead some lost Hindoo to thy throne?
Or help to cast the idols down,
Which midst the groves of Java frown?

3

O yes! although the gift be small,
Thou'lt bless it, since it is my all:
And bid it swell the glorious tide,
By thousands of thy saints supplied.

4

Thus may the offerings children bring,
Make Gentiles bow to Israel's King;
If owned by that resistless power,
Which curbs the sea, and forms the shower

11.

Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Thou art the Way, and he who sighs
Amid this cheerless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
In thee the light of heaven shall know.

2

Thou art the Truth whose steady day,
Shines through eternal bright and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines beyond the tomb.

3

Thou art the Life, the blessed well,
With living water gushing o'er,
Which those who drink shall ever dwell,
Where sin and death are known no more.



2

He dwells in heaven; but he is here:
He lives on high; but he is near;
He knows our thoughts and wishes too,
And knows what we're about to do.

3

The careless soul, the roving mind,
Will not divine instruction find;
The serious and the thoughtful youth
Will learn the ways of God and truth.

4

Then let us all be wise and learn
How from the ways of sin to turn;
How we may fear and love the Lord,
And understand his holy word,

43.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

Let children to their God draw near
With rev'rence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Maker, Saviour, Guide, and Friend.

2

Lord, may thy mercies great and free
Fill us with gratitude to thee;
And still, as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.

3

Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love;
And give us wisdom, day by day,
To choose the strait and narrow way.

4

In times of sickness, times of health,
In times of poverty or wealth,
And in our last and dying hour,
Save us by thine almighty power.

44.

Morning Hymn.

Again returns the Sabbath day,
Another week has pass'd away;
Again we meet to serve the Lord,
To sing his love, and read his Word.

2

Before our God let us appear
With reverence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Judge, our Saviour, and our Friend.

3

Let our united voices rise
In songs of praises to the skies;
To him who hears our humble cry,
And sees us with a Father's eye.

45.

A Blessing Invoked.

Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our tho'ts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2

Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3

Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er;
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

46.

Closing Hymn.

When to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above;

2

Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and ways:
O let us humbly join in prayer,
Let us sincerely sing his praise.

3

O may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

21

47.

God Seen in his Work.

Thy works proclaim thy glory, Lord:
The blooming fields, the singing bird,
The tempests and the sunny hour,
Show forth thy goodness and thy power.

2

And when the setting sun declines,
I view Thee in its brilliant lines;
Those tints so beautiful and bright,
Teach me the Author of all light.

3

Great God! how should our worship rise
To Thee who formed the earth and skies;
The things that creep and things that fly,
Are viewed by thine all-seeing eye.

4

Then will I still adore thy name;
Thou who forever art the same;
But yet thy grace and mercy, Lord,
Shine brightest in thy holy word.

48.

Public Worship.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a taste of heaven below;
Nor all my pleasure nor my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

49.

Rejoicing in Christ.

Awake our hearts, awake our voice,
And in the love of Him rejoice,
Who on the earth once lived and died,
Jesus, our Friend, the Crucified.

2

He lives and reigns, no more to die;
He can our highest wants supply;
The humblest subject of his grace
May honor from his throne embrace.

50.

Hymn for the Spring time.

Our youthful souls in rapture raise,
To Heaven the joyous song of praise—
While, thro' the opening door of spring,
Our true heart-offerings here we bring;

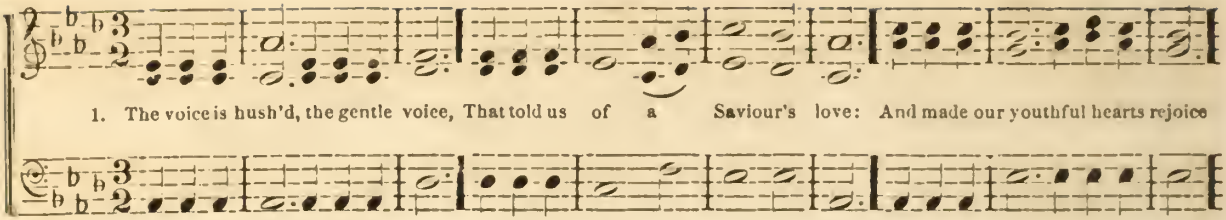
2

We listen to calm nature's voice,
She bids us in God's love rejoice;
And tells us, with ten thousand tongues,
To Him alone all Praise belongs.

5

Her lesson shall all hearts inspire—
Each spirit light with living fire,
In ways of peace and joy to move,
And be the children of God's LOVE:

GEO. M. DOW.



2

The eye is dim — the loving eye,
That beamed so fondly on us here;
Sealed up in death, the anxious sigh
No more bedews it with a tear!

3

But in the land beyond the grave,
That voice will swell in rapt'rous tone
The song to Him who died to save,
And bring the weary trav'ler home.

4

That eye, with holy radiance bright,
Shall kindle like the stars of even;
Like them shall pierce the shades of night,
And sweetly shine on us from heaven.

5

Then let us weep as Jesus wept;
Hallowed by love each gentle sigh;
Since in the grave our Saviour slept,
The Christian need not fear to die.

52.

Death of a Scholar.

A mourning class, a vacant seat
Tell us that one we loved to meet,
Will join our youthful throng no more,
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2

No more that voice we loved to hear,
Shall fill *her* teacher's list'ning ear
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3

God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to see
The glories of Eternity.

53

Farewell to a Teacher.

Dear partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,
To share our toils, and joys, and tears?
And must we bid a sad farewell?

2

We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath-day;
And nowhere else with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away.

3

Lord, let thy care *his* footsteps guard,
Thy choicest blessings fill *his* heart,
And crown *him* with thy rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part.

54.

She has Gone

Like a fresh rose some hand has torn,
When opening to the morning sky;
Such was the fate of her we mourn,
One who was early called to die.

2

Though beauty from the rose depart,
The air its fragrance still retains,
And cherished long within the heart,
The memory of the loved remains.

3

She smiled on Death, who softly came
To seal her eyes in gentle sleep,
And take her from disease and pain:
For her we need no longer weep.

4

Sweet peace is on her placid brow,
Her voice to songs of praise is given,
Her home is with the angels now,
Our dear young sister is in heaven.

55.

A Sabbath Invocation.

We leave our tasks, we leave our play,
To think of thee, O God, to-day;
O teach our hearts and tongues to raise,
The prayer of faith, the song of praise.

2

Let not an earthly thought annoy
The pleasure of this sweet employ;
May selfish passions all be still,
While we inquire to know thy will.

56.

Seeking Divine Wisdom. TEACHERS.

In life's gay morn, when all is fair,
And youthful hearts are seeking joy;
How shall we best for time prepare—
What highest theme our thoughts employ?

2 CHILDREN.

Not in the gay pursuits of sin—
Not in the rounds of fleeting bliss;
But we with wisdom would begin,
And glory in a choice like this.

3 TEACHERS.

What is the wisdom you would seek?—
Mere knowledge of the world below?
Or that of which the Scriptures speak,—
Of heaven, that world to which we go?

4 CHILDREN.

It is the wisdom from above,
Which we would seek, obtain, and prize,
Which teaches us the rule of love—
That love of God which never dies.

5 ALL.

Father, divine! inspire our hearts
With thy celestial truth and grace;
Give us that joy thy love imparts
To angels who behold thy face!

57.

Advice to Children.

Children, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy!
Attend the counsels of my tongue—
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2

If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Refrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

58.

The Lord's Prayer.

Father, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2

Lord, make my daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which I forsake;
And let me in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of mine partake.

3

Evils beset me every hour,
Thy kind protection I implore;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power;
Be thine the glory evermore.

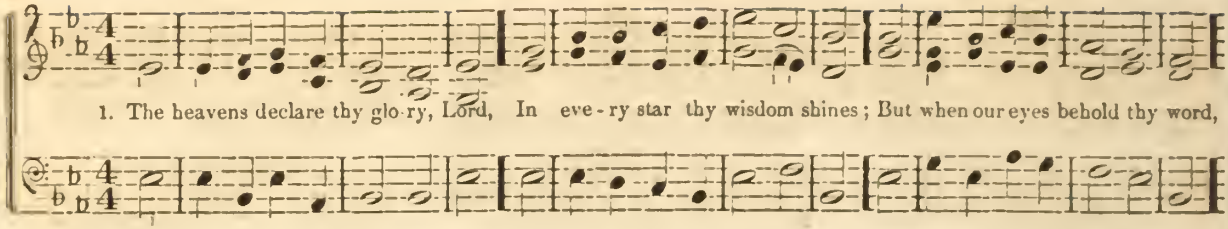
59.

Sunday Evening.

There is a time when moments flow
More happily than all beside;
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath at the eventide.

2

O! then the setting sun shines fair,
And all below, and all above,
The various forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.



2

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But that blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3

Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Around the earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

61.

Education.

'Tis Education's potent arm,
That shields us from oppression's harm;
That guides our feet in freedom's way,
And fabrics rear that ne'er decay.

2

One gem derived from Learning's store,
Serves to create a thirst for more;
And never can rude hands bereave
Mankind of joys they thus receive.

3

Then let us all with one accord,
Unite our hearts to shed abroad
The precious gifts of mental light,
That teach us all to think aright.

4

Unchain the powers of the mind,
And bid them seek to bless our kind
With knowledge, that shall ever be
A safeguard to our liberty.

62.

For a Temperance Anniversary.

We praise thee, if one rescued soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turn'd, shuddering, from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

2

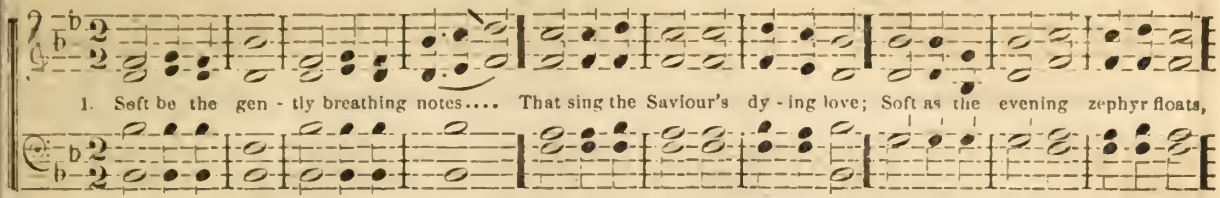
We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect and in his perfect mind.

3

No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end,
No more the trembling child to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4

Still give us grace, almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
Till grateful to thy shrine we bring,
The tribute of a ransomed land.



2

Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar,
So soft to our Almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

67.

By the Children and Choir.

CHILDREN.

Rich is the sacred song that swells
Where God in light and glory dwells;
What joyful choir their notes combine?
Who utter music so divine?

CHOIR.

2

'Tis the sweet song of spotless love,
Which ransomed children sing above:
Early to God their hearts were given,
And now they dwell with him in heaven.

CHILDREN.

3

O, who may hope with them to be,
And join their tones of harmony?
Who can escape from earth and sin,
And pure and holy be within?

CHOIR.

4

In strength divine, the youngest may
Begin a holy life to-day;
Through Him that loved us, hopes remain
That none shall seek the Lord in vain.

CHORUS.

5

Dear Saviour, may thy Spirit's call
Produce its blest effects on all;
Thine be the remnant of our days,
And every breath be love and praise.

68.

Redeeming Power of Love.

What precept, Jesus, is like thine,—
Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!
In this we see the power divine!
Which shall transform our earth to heav'n.

2

O, not the harsh and scornful word
The victory over wrong can gain,
Not the dark prison, or the sword,
The shackle, or the weary chain.

3

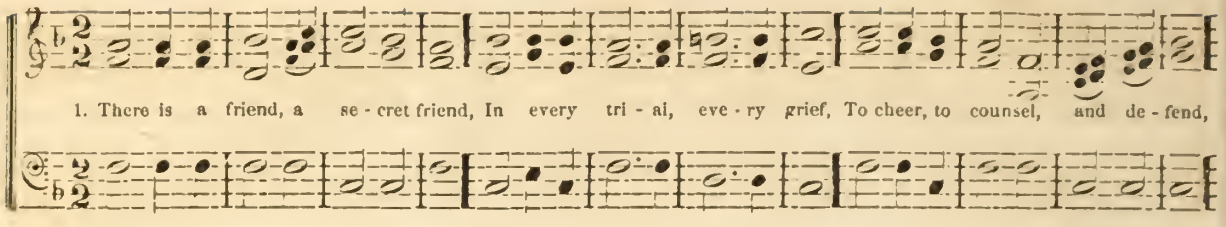
But from our spirit there must flow
A love that will the wrong outweigh;
Our lips must only blessings know,
And wrath and sin shall die away.

4

'Twas heaven that formed the holy plan
To lead the wanderer home by love;
Thus let us save our brother man,
And imitate the Lord above.

63. (FEDERAL STREET.) THE TRUE FRIEND. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.
From CARMINA SACRA, by permission.



2

A friend, who, watching from above,
Whene'er in error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

2

How brightly blooms each forest flower;
What cheerful notes the wild bird sings;
How nature charms our festive hour,
What beauty round our pathway springs.

3

How pleasant thus it is to dwell
Within the shadow of this wood,
Where rock and tree and flower do tell,
To all that nature's God is good.

4

Here nature's temple open stands;
There's none so nobly grand as hers;
The sky its roof — its floor all lands,
While rocks and trees are worshippers.

5

There's not a leaf that rustles now,
A bird that chants its simple lays,
A breeze, that passing, fans our brow,
That speaks not to its Maker's praise.

6

O, then let us, who gather here,
Praise him who gave us this glad day,
And when the twilight shades appear,
Pass with his blessing hence away.

64.

'Mid Forest Scenes. — J. S. ADAMS.

Within these woods, beneath these trees,
We meet to-day, a happy band;
All joy is ours — we feel the breeze
Blow gently o'er our native land.

65.

Be Firm!

Be firm! whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever syren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law.

2

O that distrust! go bravely on,
Firm till the victor crown be won;
Firm when thy conscience is assailed,
Firm when the star of hope is veiled.

3

Firm in defying wrong and sin,
Firm in life's conflict, toil and din,
Firm in the path by martyrs trod,—
Be firm in love to man and God.

69.

Anniversary Hymn.

Let living light, from thy blessed word;
Guide those who seek and teach thy way;
And may each opening flower, O Lord,
Drink life from that eternal ray.

2

Bless those who first this vineyard dress'd;
They reaped in joy, but sowed in doubt;
They smote the rock, and from its breast
Leaped life's eternal waters out.

3

They sowed in doubt—for dimly woke
The light toward which their footsteps trod;
They reaped in joy—for glory broke
Unclouded from the throne of God.

4

On us and ours, O, let its ray
Shine brightly on with power divine!
That thus, while ages roll away,
Our children's children may be thine.

70

Death of a Teacher.

Not of this world the hand that takes
Our loved, our lovely, to the tomb;
Not of this world the light that breaks,
Resplendent, from its vanished gloom.

2

The heart may bleed, the eye may weep;
Frail nature's sorrows must flow on;
Unmurmuring trust our spirits keep;
Father, 'tis thou—thy will be done!

71

The Sunday School.

I love to join the joyful play,
To sport beside the shady pool,
To watch the birds soar far away;
But more I love the Sunday school.

2

For there I meet my teacher's smile,
And read and learn the holy book;
And O, my heart doth feel the while,
That God is pleased on us to look!

3

And when we lift to heaven the prayer,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray, and sing his praise.

4

While others slight this holy day,
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,
O, may I cleave to wisdom's way,
And ever in my class be found.

72

Reopening of a School.

Now let our voice be raised again,
In one united gladsome strain,
While every heart implores that love
That wins the soul to things above.

2

O, from this hour let all our mind
Be set the highest good to find,
That thus our school may grace receive,
And we in Christ the Saviour live.

73.

Seek ye the Lord.

O, seek the Lord, let all draw nigh;
He listens to the faintest cry,
And kindly will his grace impart
To every humble, contrite heart.

2

Seek ye the Lord at every age,
From childhood's dawn to life's last stage;
Give him your hearts, your youthful days,
Your morning song, your evening praise.

3

So shall his love support you still,
Shall shield you safe from every ill;
Shall guide you thro' life's changing way,
And lead you to eternal day

74.

The light of Truth.

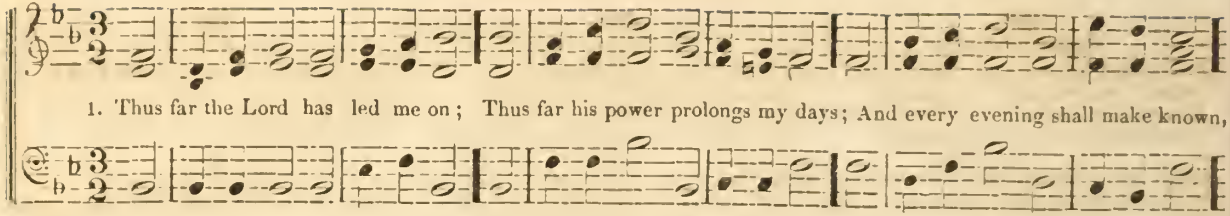
There is a light whose kindling rays
Beam with a radiance all divine;
'Tis in thy revelation, Lord,
The star of Truth doth brightly shine.

2

It cheers us mid the deepest gloom,
And guides us through life's thorny way,
Our hope in dark affliction's night,
The herald of a brighter day.

3

O grant us, Lord, the hearing ear,
While thy bright rays illume our eyes,
That all our daily walks may be
Adorned like paths in paradise.



2

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep,
Their watchful stations round my bed.

76.

Thanks for Instruction.

Retiring from our school once more,
Thy blessing, Father, we implore;
Still may we keep the heavenly way,
And serve and please thee thro' the day.

2

As in thy temple we appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear;
Thy truth impart, thy love instil,
That we may know and do thy will.

77.

Sunday Morning.

Called by the Sabbath bells away
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go with willing mind to pray,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word.

2

O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

3

Dear are the peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest, shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

78.

The Better Land.

There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

2

A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3

There sweeps no desolating wind
Across the calm, serene abode:
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the Paradise of God.

79.

Teachers' Meeting.

As teachers of the rising rāce,
O Lord, we supplicate thy grace;
Assured that all our toil is vain
Unless we heavenly influence gain.

2

O may thy heavenly beams be felt,
Causing the frozen heart to melt;
And in the softened ground may we
See the young germs of piety.

3

This is our heart's desire, the end
For which we labor and attend,
With patient hope from year to year,
Anxious to see the fruit appear.

4

Still may we wait with patience, still
Pursue our work with cheerful will,
And find in this our loved employ
An earnest of our future joy.

80

Mariner's Sabbath School Hymn.

Life is an ocean; years the tide
That floats ten thousand barks along!
Sins are the rocks on every side
Where passion drives a current strong.

2

Pleasures that look so bright and fair,
Are like the shallows, set with sands;
And many a wreck, forlorn and bare,
Lies high and dry upon those strands.

3

Faith is the compass, firm and true,
Whose needle points to Christ the pole;
That changeless star will guide us through,
Tho' winds may howl and waves may roll.

4

Happy is he who early steers,
Like a trim vessel, straight for heaven;
Who Christian colors bravely rears,
And keeps the course that God has given.

81.

Progress of Sabbath Schools.

As drops which, from the mountain side,
Unite and form a flowing stream,
Our Sunday schools have multiplied,
Till barren lands with blessings teem.

2

As streaks which tint the eastern skies,
While darkness hides its gloom from sight,
Foretell a glorious sun will rise,
To flush the world with love and light.

3

Or as the seed, which placed in earth,
Reveals the germ, the bud, the flower,
Our schools have, from their humble birth,
Grown up in beauty, grace, and power.

4

Their course for many years has run
With onward strength and rising fame;
Jesus through them has trophies won,
And brought new honors to his name.

82

Temperance Hymn.

Let temp'rance and her sons rejoice,
And be their praises loud and long,
Let every heart and every voice
Conspire to raise a joyful song.

2

And let the anthem rise to God,
Whose fav'ring mercies so abound,
And let his praises fly abroad,
The spacious universe around.

3

His children's prayer he deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe;
And temp'rance, like a cherish'd plant,
Beneath his fost'ring care shall grow.

83.

Sunday School Teacher's Prayer.

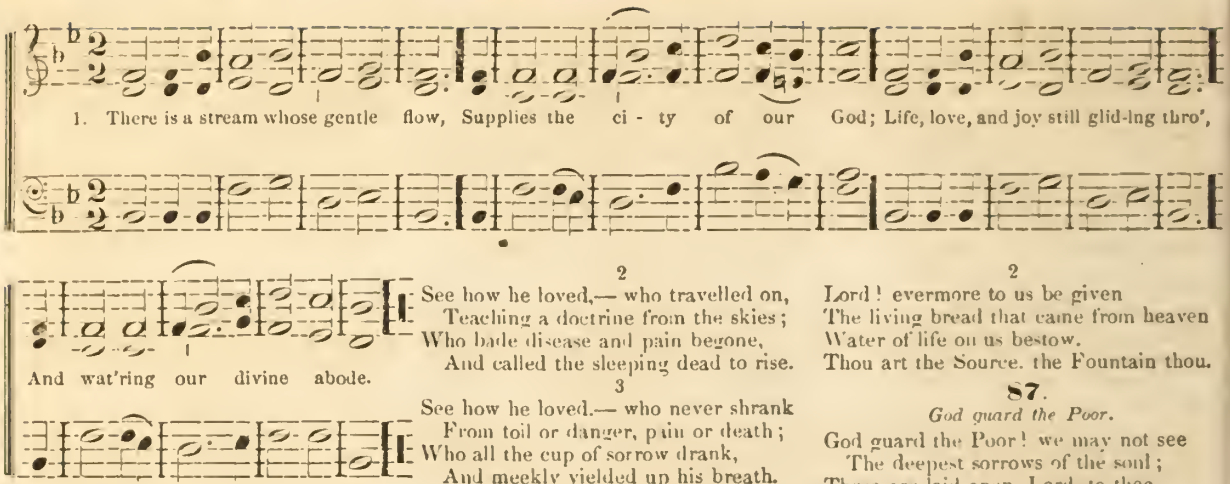
May we who teach the rising race
Be filled, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

2

Thy grace to those we teach impart:
O Lord, renew each youthful heart:
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.

3

May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found;
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labor's not in vain.



2

That sacred stream, thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

85.

The Love of Christ.

'See how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2

See how he loved,— who travelled on,
Teaching a doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain begone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3

See how he loved.— who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

4

Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
O, may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

86.

The Lord's Prayer.

Thy name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power!
Thy will be done, and day by day,
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

2

Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven
Water of life on us bestow.
Thou art the Source, the Fountain thou.

87.

God guard the Poor.

God guard the Poor! we may not see
The deepest sorrows of the soul;
These are laid open, Lord, to thee,
And subject to thy wise control.

2

Make us thy messengers to shed
Within the home of want and woe,
The blessings of thy bounty, spread
So freely on thy world below.

3

Let us go forth with joyful hand
To strengthen, comfort and relieve;
Then in thy presence may we stand,
And hope thy blessing to receive.

88.

Closing Hymn.

When to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above;

2

Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and ways:
O let us humbly join in prayer,
Let us sincerely sing his praise.

3

O may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

89

Coming to God.

Almighty God, to thee on high,
With reverence would my spirit bow;
How frail a creature, Lord, am I,
Eternal One, how great art thou!

2

Thy boundless love invites us near,
And bids us look to heaven our home;
As children, then, we will not fear;
With our meek offerings, Lord, we come.

3

In heaven, O God, thou hearest us:
On thee we ever may depend,
And raise our humble voices thus,
As to a father and a friend.

90.

A Pastor's Welcome.

We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2

Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

3

Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

91.

Anniversary of an Orphan Asylum.

Our Father! we may lisp that name,
When lowly at thy feet we bow;
Thy little children lightly blame,
Thou art our only parent now!

2

We are a stricken, humble band,
With hearts that thrill to words of love,
And cling confiding to the hand
That points us to a home above.

3

Though 'mong the lowly of the earth,
Contented with our homely fare,
How cheerful was the orphan's hearth
Before cold Death had entered there!

4

No mother's voice soothes us to rest—
No father's smile our vision greets:
Yet we've a home in every breast
That with a tender feeling beats.

5

And thou hast raised us many a friend,
Not bound by ties of kindred blood;
Then let our hearts in prayer ascend
To thee, our Father—Saviour—God!

92.

The youthful Pilgrim.

I would a youthful pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone;
Up to thine everlasting throne.

2

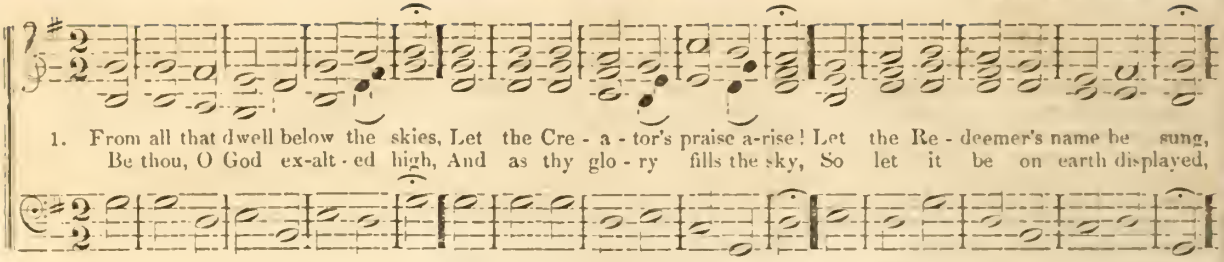
I would my heart to thee resign;
O come and make it wholly thine;
Set up thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And cast out every thought of sin.

3

Be it my chief desire to prove
How much I owe, how much I love;
Contentedly my cross to take,
And meekly bear it for thy sake.

4

Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I can serve thee here no more,
Within thy temple, Lord of love,
I'll serve thee day and night above.



2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2

Our fathers here, a pilgrim band,
Fixed the proud empire of the free;
Art moved in gladness o'er the land.
And Faith her altars reared to Thee.

3

Here too, to guard through every age
The sacred rights their valor won.
They bade Instruction spread her page,
And send down truth to sire and son.

4

Here, still, through all succeeding time,
Their stores may worth and wisdom bring,
And still the anthem-note sublime,
To Thee from children's children ring.

2

Soon as the morning's early ray
Brings on the third, the appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise,

3

With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall forever last.

91.

National Festival.

O Thou! at whose dear name we bend,
To whom our purest vows we pay,
God over all! in love descend,
And bless the labors of this day.

95.

Resurrection of Christ.

Hosanna! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King;
Recount his deeds of might, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

96

Praise and Holiness.

O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love:
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood and shall forever last.

2

Who can his mighty deeds express?
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

97.

God of the Seasons.

Great God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours;
The hand from which our being came.

2

Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3

Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

4

Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

98.

The Spirit Invoked.

Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love;
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2

O, let a holy flock await,
In crowds, around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

99.

Praise and Obedience.

Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.

3

In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combined,
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.

100

The Hallowed Place.

What glorious truths float round us here,
Within this sacred house of prayer!
They mingle with the pealing bell,
And with the stately organ's swell.

2

Our dear Redeemer died for all,
The dweller of the hut and hall;
None are too lowly for his love,
None are too high to mount above.

3

And grateful should our spirits be,
He blessed such little ones as we;
High may our feeble voices rise,
To blend with notes beyond the skies.

101.

Morning of Freedom.

Awake the song that gave to earth
The sacred joys of Freedom's birth!
Angelic tongues the strain began,—
'Twas peace on earth, good will to man.

2

Celestial peace! and is it ours
To strike the harp on heavenly towers?
To welcome back the dove that brings
The balm of healing in her wings?

3

She comes! and, lo, the orphan's wail
No longer loads the passing gale;
Contentment sheds her sacred calm,
And Nature owns the sovereign charm.

4

She comes! and banner, spear, and plume,
That led to conquest and the tomb,
Wreathed with the olive, now adorn
The triumph of bright Freedom's morn.

102.

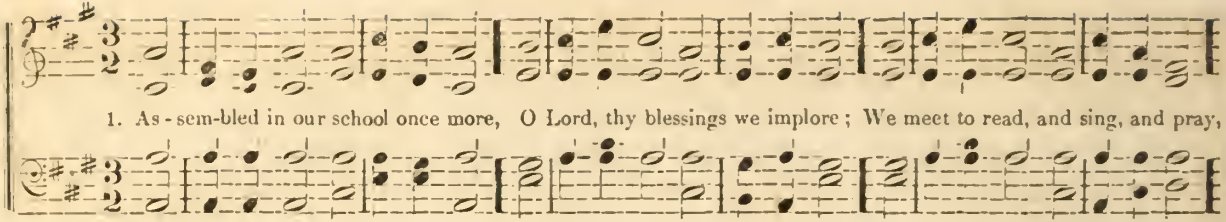
Progress of Gospel Truth.

Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2

Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self become more wise.

103. SUPPLICATION. L. M.



2

Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3

When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

104.

Love to Jesus.

"When Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the Lord.

2

Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who healed the sick and cured the blind,
O, must I not have loved him then!

3

But where is Jesus! Is he dead?
O no! he lives in heaven above,
'And blest are they,' the Saviour said,
'Who, though they have not seen me, love.'

4

He sees us from his throne on high,
As well as when on earth he dwelt;
And when to him poor children cry,
He feels such love as then he felt.

5

And if the Lord will grant me grace,
Much I will love him and adore;
But when in heaven I see his face,
'Twill be my joy to love him more."

105.

The Sabbath School.

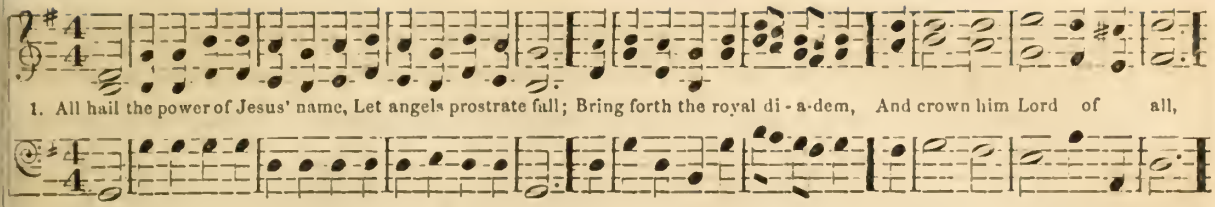
I love to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home;
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.

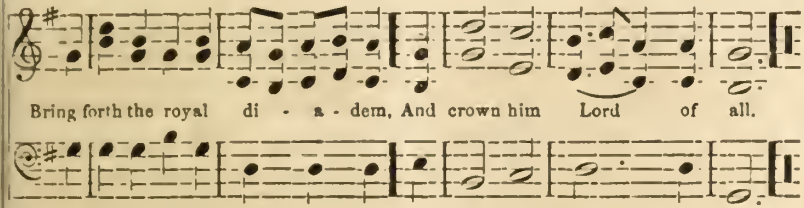
2

'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day:
And safely guard, and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.

3

And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness and the grace
That brought me to this sacred place.





2

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

107.

The Gospel Feast.

Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

108.

The Saviour Precious.

Jesus, I love thy charming name—
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2

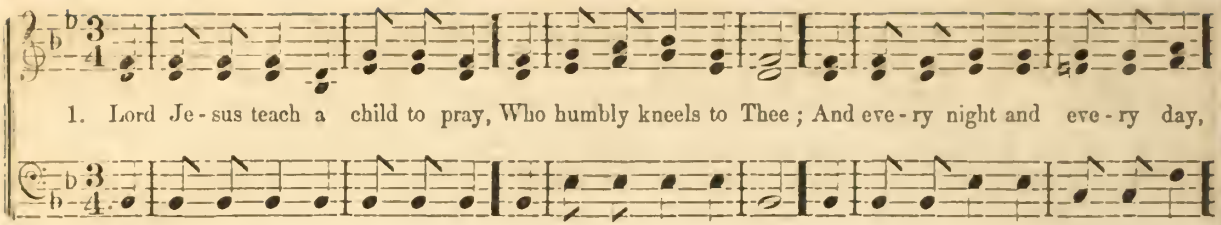
All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4

I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.



2

While here I live, give me thy grace,
And when I'm called to die,
O take my soul to see thy face,
And sing thy praise on high.

110.

Influence Exerted.

What if the little rain should say
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky ?

2

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?

3

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower ?
And every ray of light, to warm
And beautify the flower ?

4

'Tis thus the good each child may do,
When many do their best,
Will help to bring within our view
The glory of the blest.

111.

Prayer.

Will God, who made the earth and sea,
The night, and shining day
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray ?

2

Yes ; in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love ;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

3

He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer,
Where'er the child to seek him goes,
He finds his Father there.

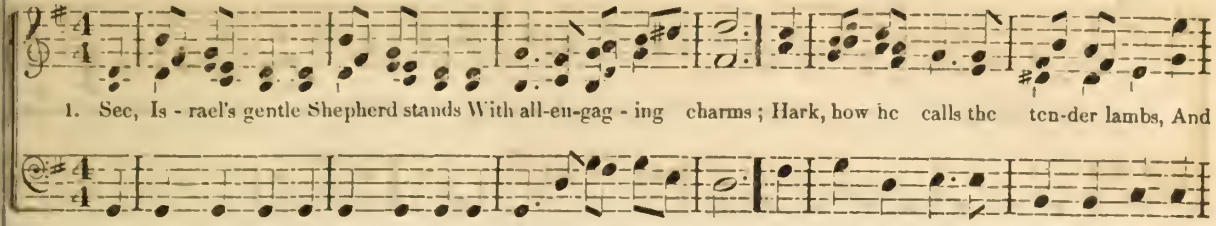
112.

Contentment.

I, like the little busy bee,
That flies from flower to flower,
Must active be, and useful too,
As far as in my power.

2

Whate'er would do me hurt I must
With cheerfulness resign ;
And when I suffer, always pray,—
"Thy will, O God ! not mine !"



2

Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

114.

God our Protector.

Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2

'Tis thou preservest me from death,
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou giv'st me power.

3

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from thy sight,
In darkness, or by day.

4

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

115.

Temperance Hymn.

On this glad day, O God, we would,
Through thy beloved Son,
Acknowledge Thee for all the good
That temperance has done.

2

O let thy Holy Spirit dwell
Where vice too long has reign'd;
For where thy mercy breaks the spell,
The victory is gain'd.

116.

Repentance.

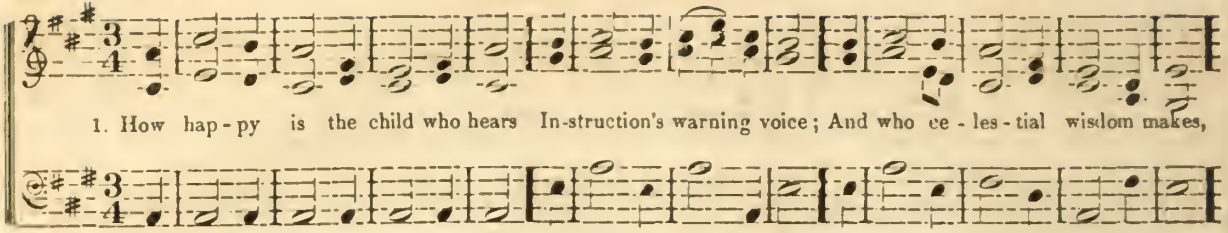
O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.

2

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

117. BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTCH MELODY.



2

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor now appears.

4

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

118.

Children blessed.

How happy those dear children were,
Whom the Redeemer bless'd; [prayer,
Whom, when he breathed that fervent
He folded to his breast.

2

But, thanks to that benignant Friend,
He is the same to day
As when he thus refused to send
Those babes unblessed away.

119.

Children may come.

I know that I am but a child—
Yet children young as I,
Have often sought and found the Lord,
And thus prepared to die.

2

And in his holy Word I read,
That those who seek in youth
Shall surely taste his pard'ning love,
And find the way of truth.

3

How careless then in me to live,
As none would dare to die!
With active zeal I should secure
A home beyond the sky.

4

How much I need the grace of God
To keep this thought alive!
Whoever gains the Christian's crown,
Must like the Christian strive.

120.

Prudence.

Fa'her of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2

Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide,
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

3

Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4

That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart.

121.

Happy Death.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One tho't shall check the startling tear;
It is, that thou art free.

2

And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
O, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again?

3

Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

4

The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine!

122

Anniversary Hymn.

O God! we lift our hearts to thee,
And grateful voices raise;
We thank thee for this festive night,—
Accept our humble praise.

2

Regard our Sabbath school to-night,
Our youthful efforts bless,
And give to each aspiring heart
The hope of sure success.

3

O give us wisdom from above,
Life's various scenes to meet;
Let thy right hand direct our way,
And guide our youthful feet.

4

O crown our joys with thy rich faith,
And fill our hearts with love;
Let all our hopes, subdued by grace,
Be fixed on thee above.

123.

Prayer in School.

When in the Sabbath School we pray
As we are taught to do,
God will not answer what we say,
Unless we feel it too.

2

Yet foolish thoughts our hearts beguile,
And, when we pray or sing,
We're often thinking, all the while,
About some other thing.

3

O, let us never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart!

4

But if we make his ways our choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while we seek him with our voice,
Our hearts will love him too.

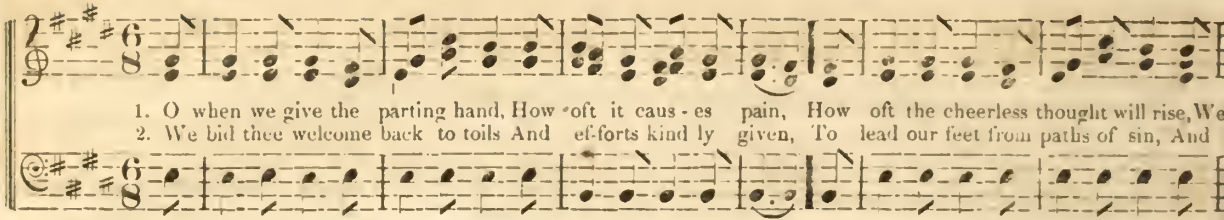
124

The voice of Jesus heard.

Jesus, we hear thy gentle voice,
We see thy open arms!
O may we to that covert fly,
Nor heed the siren's charms!

2

And O, when any waiting stand
The spirit's home to see,
Teach us to lead the trembler on,
In spotless robes, to Thee.



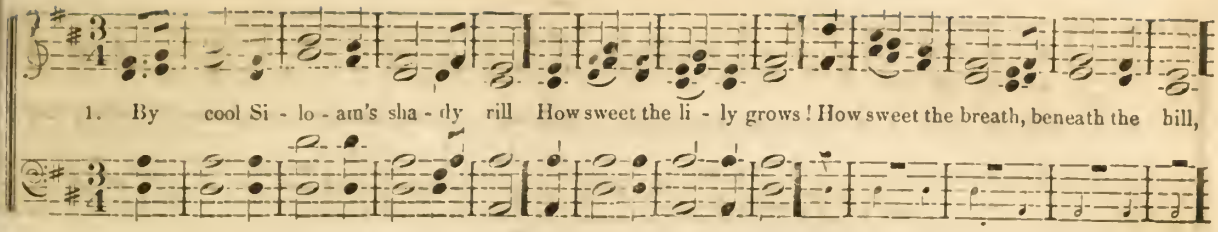
126.

Praise and Hope.

O Lord, if in the book of life,
My worthless name should stand,
In fairest characters, inscribed
By thine unerring hand,—
My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies,
And on my way, from heavenly stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

2

Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak
To utter half thy praise.
Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be:
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.



2

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4

O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

128.

The Children's Friend.

Thou Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend;
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus! the Children's Friend.

2

From thee our daily mercies flow—
Our life and health descend;
O save our souls from sin and wo—
Thou art the Children's Friend.

3

Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee;
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the Children's Friend.

129.

Jesus a Shepherd.

See, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2

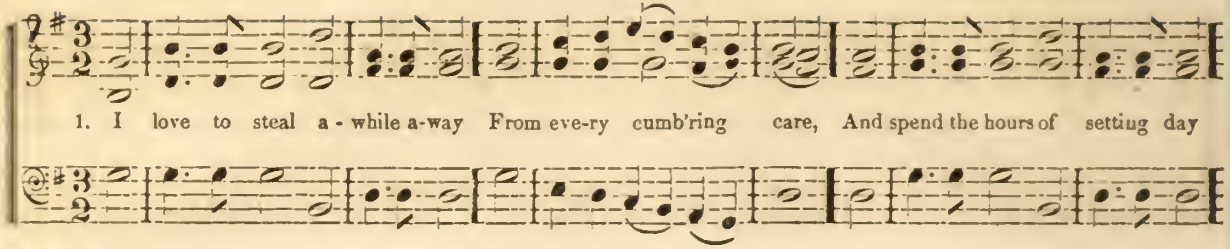
He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

3

When, wand'ring from the fold, we leave
The strait and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.

4

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.



2

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore.—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

131

The Teacher's Object.

Attracted by love's sacred force,
Like planets to the sun.
Tho' different spheres may mark our course.
Our centre is but one.

2

As teachers of the young we meet;
Our object is the same;
To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
And praise his glorious name.

3

We meet to strengthen and unite
Our hearts in this employ:
O may our work be our delight,
A crown of future joy!

132.

The Sabbath School.

Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2

Within thy courts of Him I've heard
Whose birth the angels sung.
When o'er the shepherds, fill'd with fear
The star of glory hung.

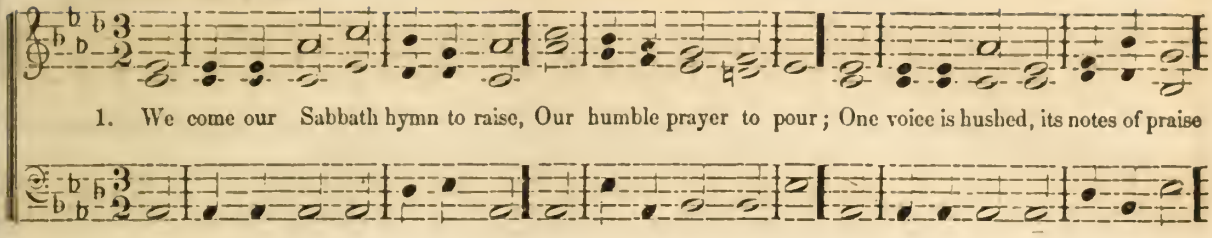
3

O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

4

When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

DEATH IN THE SCHOOL.



2

The lips are still, the eye is dim
That beamed with joy and love;
The spirit — it hath gone to Him
Who gave it from above.

134.

Death of a Scholar.

Death has been here, and borne away
A *brother* from our side:
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we, *he* died.

2

Not long ago *he* filled *his* place,
And sat with us to learn:
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
And never can return.

3

We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chast'ning rod;
One must be first; but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

135.

Watch and Pray.

O gracious God, in whom I live!
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

2

Still keep me in the heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never let me go astray
From happiness and thee.

136.

Death of a Teacher.

As bowed by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our *brother* goes,
In silence there to rest.

2

No more with us *his* tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell;
No more *his* cheerful heart rejoice,
When peals the Sabbath bell.

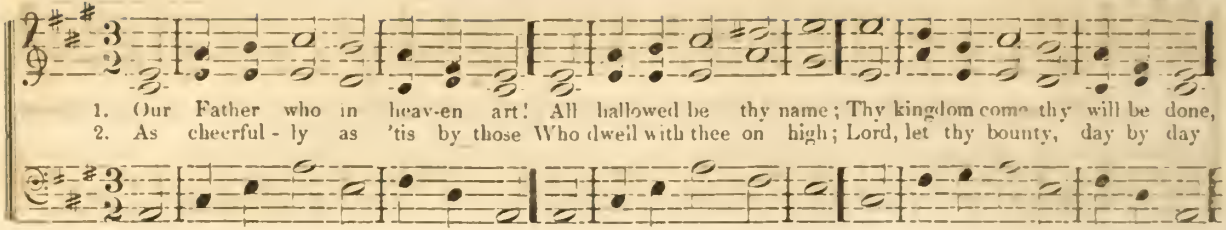
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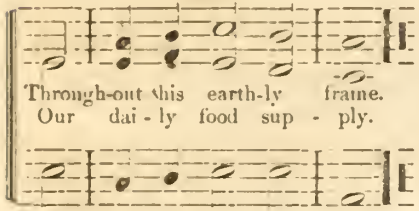
Yet, if in yonder cloudless sphere
Amid a sinless throng,
He utters in *his* Saviour's ear
The everlasting song;

4

No more we'll mourn the absent friend,
But lift our earnest prayer,
And daily every effort bend,
To rise and join *him* there.

CH. ZEUNER.
From the AM HARP, by permission





3
As we forgive our enemies,
Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
Into temptation lead us not,
But us from evil save.

4
For kingdom, power, and glory, all
Belong, O Lord, to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

138.

From School to Church.

Now, children, to God's house repair,
And with the holy throng
O give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2
Praise God, whose mercies bro't you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still,
Whose grace with joy your son's can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.

3
Improve the strength you here have gain'd
To do his holy will:
Improve the knowledge here attained
To love and serve him still.

4
Let not the world have cause to say,
You served your God for naught;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

139.

Children coming to God.

We come in childhood's innocence,
We come, as children free!
We offer up, O God! our hearts
In trusting love to thee.

2
Well may we bend in solemn joy,
At thy bright courts above;
Well may the grateful child rejoice
In such a Father's love.

3
We come not as the mighty come;
Not as the proud we bow;
But as the pure in heart should bend
Seek we thine altars now.

4
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said;
In speechless rapture dumb,
We hear the call — we seek thy face—
Father, we come — we come.



141.

The Heavenly Canaan.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2

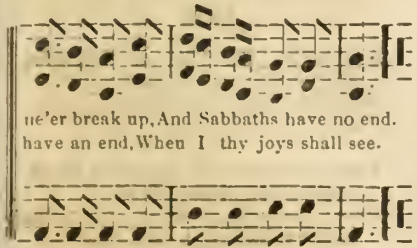
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

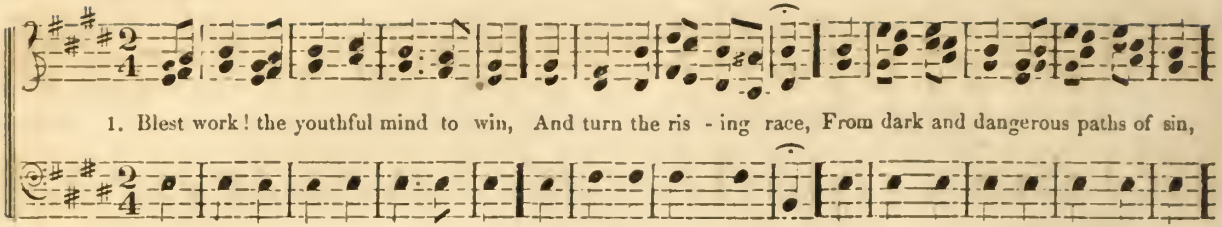
3

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.





2
Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3
Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way,
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray,
The way, the life, the truth.

4
Thy Spirit, Father, on us shed,
And bless this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread;
Be all the glory thine.

143

Pleasures of Teaching.

Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way,
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

2
Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace!

3
Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

144.

Teachers' Success.

How should our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,
Who crowns our labors with success,
Among the rising race!

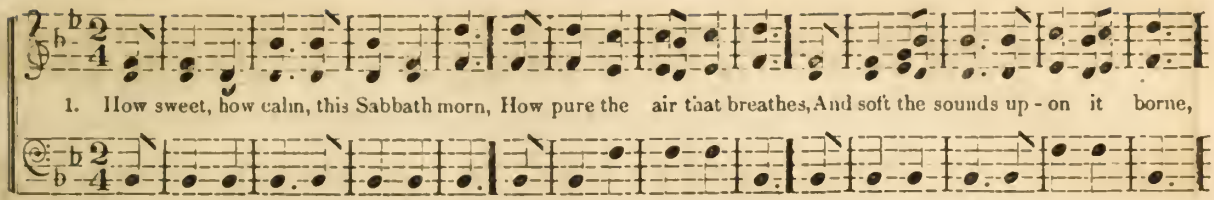
2
Their joyful tongues unite to praise
His all redeeming love,
To him their sweet hosannas raise,
While they his mercies prove.

145.

Doxology.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

2
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.



2

It seems as if the earnest prayer,
For peace and joy and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.

3

Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
Each anxious care that mars our peace,
In faith and love be hushed.

147.

Prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3

But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4

No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

148.

Inward Prayer.

Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows,

2

Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

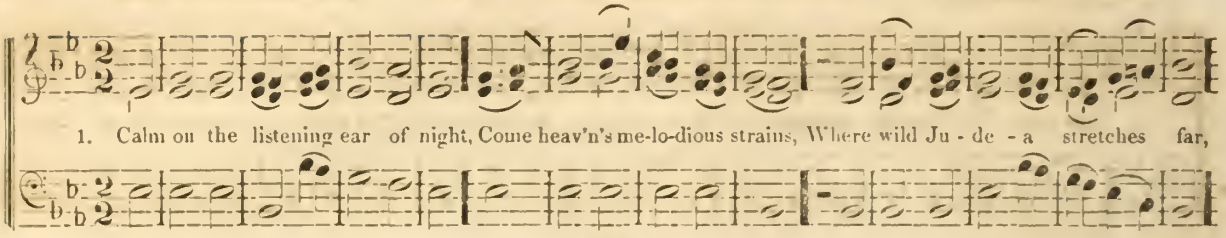
149.

The Deeds of Charity.

The man of charity extends
To all a liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,
His pity may command.

2

Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do.



2
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3
The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

151.

Universal Praise.

O, all ye nations, praise the Lord,
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fullness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.

2
His love is great — his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord.

152

Lessons of Nature.

Hail, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2
At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3
For thou art God, the central life,
The soul of all we see,
The sun, the germ, the infinite;—
Whom should we serve but thee?

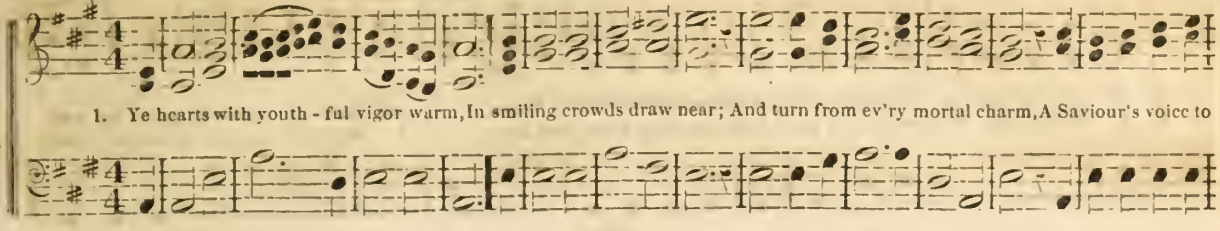
153.

A Prayer for the Nation.

O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our border bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

2
Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

3
Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Thou art her refuge, thou her trust,
Her everlasting friend.



2

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse wit ı you;
He lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursne.

3

The soul that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And those who early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

4

Then come, with youthful vigor warm;
To Jesus now draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

155.

The Tribute and Prayer of Children.

Almighty Father, heavenly King!
Who rul'st the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring,
Of gratitude and love.

2

To thee each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And ere the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

3

Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his Word hath given;
That children, such as we, may find
The path that leads to heaven.

156.

The Promised Land.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2

O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4

Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.



* If thought desirable, the tune may end here, by omitting the slur.

158.

A Perfect Heart the Redeemer's Throne.

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spill'd for me.

2

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3

O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

159.

Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.

When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4

There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

160

Temperance Hymn.

O 'tis a joyful sound to hear
Our men devoutly say,
Come let us all to *temperance* haste,
Not one must stay away.

2

There many weeping wives shall see
Returning hours of peace;
And many husbands there shall find
Corroding sorrows cease.

3

We'll banish far the mad'ning drink,
And temp'rance extend;
While gospel truths shall thro' the land
Their endless blessings send.

4

O pray we all our country's peace,
May *temp'rance* wield its sway,
While high the gospel banners float,
And all its God obey.

161.

Victorious Grace.

Join every heart and every tongue,
And sing Jehovah's praise;
Come, shout the wonders of his love,
The viet'ries of his grace!

2

Far as the circuit of the sun
He makes his mercy known;
To every soul through every land
He sends his blessings down.

3

So let his highest praise be sung,
By all through every clime,
While moon and stars reflect their light,
Or suns propitious shine.

162.

The Joyful Sound.

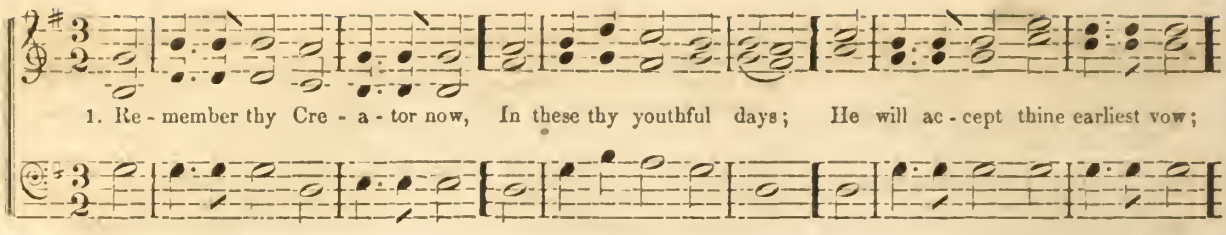
Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.



2
Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come when thou
Shall find no comfort here.

3
Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4
Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

164.

The Sailor.

Hark! to the lofty strains of joy
Heaven's arches ring again;
There's mercy for the "Sailor Boy,"
The sailor sunk in sin.

2
God's spirit on the waters moves,
The sailor feels its power;
Subdued by grace, the Saviour loves,
The Saviour scorned before.

3
The Bethel Flag is waving now
On ship-board and on shore,
And sailors at God's Altar bow,
And his great name adore.

165.

Hail, Pastor! Hail!

Hail, Pastor! Hail! behold a throng
Of youth their gifts impart,
Accept, though small, with cheerful song,
These tributes of the heart.

2
But while we bring the flowers of Spring,
As tokens of our love,
Thy home to deck, we'd not forget
To ask of heaven above.

3
Long life and health, celestial wealth,
Are boons we ask for thee;
And more than this,—if right we wish,—
May heaven bestow as free.

4
Long may this happy union last,
A bond of social bliss,
And many a year, our hearts to cheer,
Return sweet scenes like this.

166.

Awake, ye Saints.

Awake, ye saints and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2

Not many years their rounds shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

3

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

167.

God's Word a Guide.

The morn of life how fair and gay!
How cheering and how new!
What hope illumes each opening day,
And brightens every view!

2

Youth's ardent mind with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspects no ills that may await,
Nor yields a thought to fear.

5

In God's own word a way is sure,
And clear to every eye;
It leads us in a path secure,
To brighter worlds on high.

168.

The Soul.

How beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars, appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they!

2

And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

3

And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far?
Glows there a light within this breast
Outshining every star?

4

Yes: should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

169.

Hymn for New Year.

Now gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Make us the Saviour's presence feel,
And melt these hearts of stone.

2

From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3

Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
That sinners, too, may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4

And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home;
May glowing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

170.

Repentance.

O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.

2

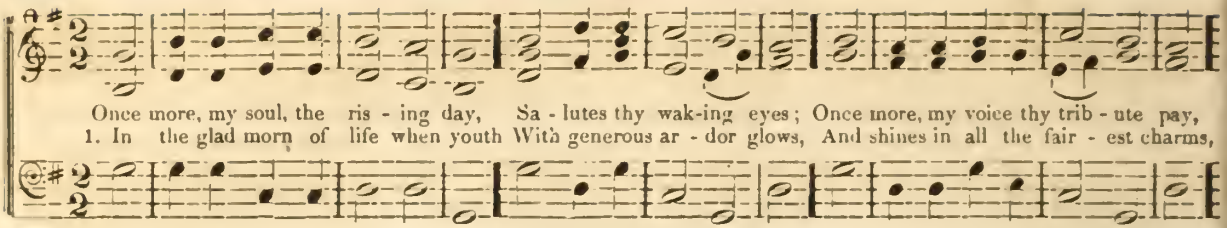
Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

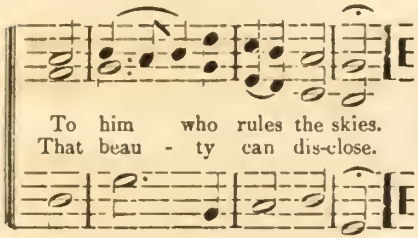
3

Preserve me safe from every sin,
Through my remaining days;
And let each virtue in me shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

4

Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.





2

Deep on thy soul,—before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,—
Be thy Creator's lofty name
And character engraved.

3

True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

172.

A Sabbath Scholar's Petition.

To thee, my God, who dwells on high,
A fervid prayer I'll raise;
Be thou my friend, my father thou;
Teach me thy name to praise.

2

Grant me thy blessing, Lord, this day,
Help me thy love to share;
Help me thy Book divine to learn,
And taste of pleasure there.

3

And smile upon our Sabbath School,
Now we have met to-day,
Help us of truths divine to learn,
And then those truths obey.

4

So may we spend each Sabbath here,
That when our days are o'er,
We all may join the angel choir,
In praises to adore.

173.

Early Goodness.

The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth, the present hour,
Of that thou hast most need.

2

Do thy best always,—do it now,—
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

3

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

4

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap;
Or o'er thy wild neglected soil,
Go forth in shame to weep.

174.

"Stand for the Right."

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true;
And dare to stand alone;
Strive for the right, whate'er ye do,
Though helpers there are none.

2

Nay, bend not to the swelling surge
Of public sneer and wrong,
'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge,
With current wild and strong.

3

Stand for the right! tho' falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer—
A poisoned arrow can not wound
A conscience pure and clean.

4

Stand for the right! and with clean hands,
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers by.

5

Stand for the right! proclaim it loud,
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

175.

Habitual Devotion.

While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2

Thy love the power of tho't bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore!

3

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

176.

The Young Spirit's Flight.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But, Oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

177.

Divine Mercies through Life.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2

Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

178.

"Thou shalt teach them to thy children."

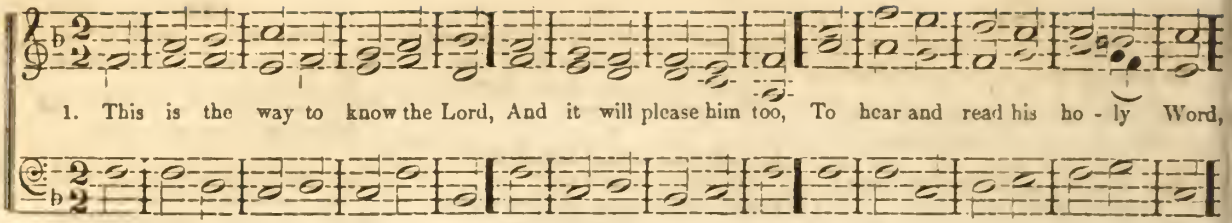
Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old:
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

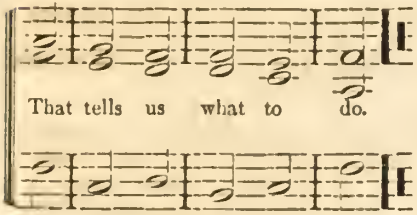
2

He bids us make his glories known—
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
To every rising race.

3

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.





2

He lives in heaven, and does not need
Such little ones as we;
But God is very kind indeed,
And even cares for me.

3

Then let me love him for his care,
And love his holy Word,
Because he teaches children there
To know and please the Lord.

180.

Love all Mankind.

In sweetest accents, let us hear
The blessed Saviour say,
A brother's sorrow ye should share,
And wipe his tears away.

2

Then, if ye love his name indeed,
Obey his gracious voice:
Supply his lambs with living bread,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

3

Ye who compose this little band,
Say — have I not portrayed
The love, which prompts each heart and hand,
This glorious cause to aid?

4

Untiring be your efforts, then,
Though ye may deem them weak;
They surely will not prove in vain,
Since man's chief good ye seek.

181.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.

Our little bark, on boisterous seas,
By cruel tempests tossed,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost.

2

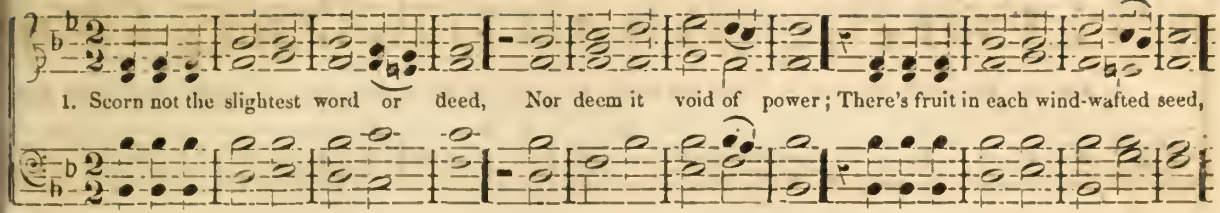
We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.

3

Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceased to roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.

4

O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved,
Our Father and our King.



2

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid ill depart,
And still unholy strife.

3

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it, silently.

4

Work, and despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

183.

The Peace-giving Spirit.

Spirit of peace, celestial Dove
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2

Sweet as the dew on herb and flower
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.

3

So with mild influence from above
Shall promised grace descend;
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

184.

The Book of Nature.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and willing hearts.

2

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

4

Thou who hast giv'n us eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give to us hearts to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

185. (ANTIOCH.) JOY TO THE WORLD.

Arranged from HANDEL.



2

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

186

Anniversary Hymn.

We now to Christ, the Saviour, King,
Our annual tribute pay;
In sweet hosannas here we sing,
For his life-cheering ray.

2

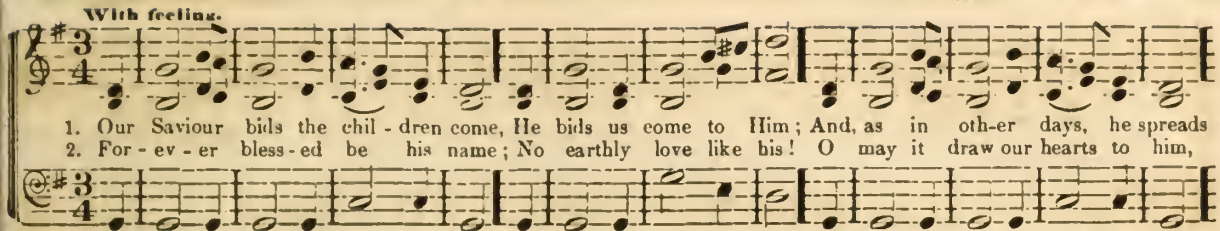
O let the heavenly chorus rise,
On this our festal day,
And wake the concord of the skies
With this our joyous lay.

3

Another year has run its round,
Since last we gathered here;
And still the precious gospel sound,
Invites our list'ning ear.

4

But many Sabbath hours are gone,
Of kind instruction given;
O, may the lessons we have learned,
Guide us to Christ and heaven!



3

There may we come at last, to sing
In nobler strains his praise;
And join the little ones who stand
Before our Father's face.

188.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently — it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently — let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here.

2

Speak gently to the young — for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3

Speak gently to the aged ones;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let them in peace depart.

4

Speak gently to the erring ones;
They've toiled all day in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again.

5

Speak gently — 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

189.

Brotherly Love.

How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—

2

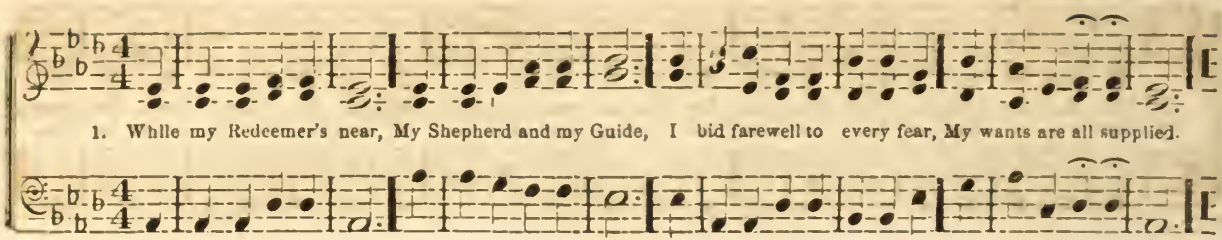
When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!—

3

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.



2
To ever fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3
Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

191.

Morning Hymn.

This morning, Lord, attend,
While we are bowed in prayer;
And from thy glorious throne descend,
And in our midst appear.

2
Make this thy dwelling place,
While we assembled stay;
Inspire each youthful soul with grace,
And wash our sins away.

3
O, let this morning be
Devoted to thy ways;
And consecrate our school to thee,
And fill each heart with praise.

4
To child and teacher, Lord,
Be thy best favors given;
And may we all, with one accord,
Make sure our way to heaven.

192.

On Forbearance.

As thou forgivest us,
So, Lord, may we forgive;
As freely we receive from thee,
So may we freely give.

2
When for our faults reproved,
May we the fault confess,
And humbly seek thy grace, that we
May not again transgress.

3
Thus make us ever kind,
Gentle, and meek, and good,
Mindful how dearly we were bought,
With thy most precious blood.

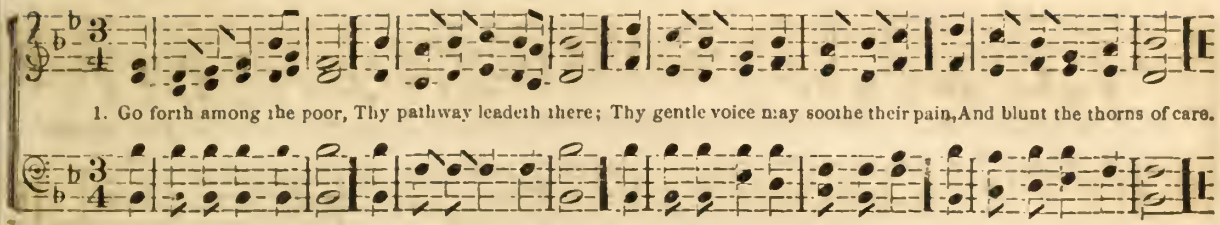
193.

Ascension of Christ.

Jesus ascends on high,
And sits upon his throne;
Angels and seraphs round him fly,
And all his greatness own.

2
Still for the young he prays,
And blesses them above;
"Forbid them not," he kindly says,
And offers them his love.

3
His heart is still the same;
To him may children fly,
His gracious promise still may claim,
And on his word rely.



2

Go forth with earnest zeal,
Nor from the duty start,
Speak to them words of gracious love—
Blest are the pure in heart.

3

Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow:
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.

4

Go forth through all the earth,
There waiteth work for you,
The harvest truly seems most fair,
But laborers are few.

5

With tireless, hopeful love,
Fulfil your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too—
Blest are the pure in heart.

195.

"Sow beside all Waters."

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2

And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here, nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

196.

Gratitude.

O bless the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join,
To bless his holy name.

2

O bless the Lord, my soul;
His blessings bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

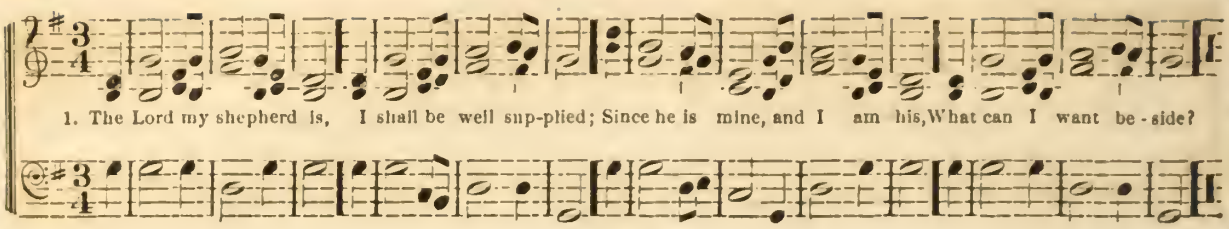
197.

The Happy Child.

Thrice happy is the youth,
Who, morning, noon, and night,
Reads the blest page of sacred truth,
And makes it his delight;—

2

Who loves the hour of prayer,
And takes delight in praise:
The Lord to bless him will be near
With sanctifying grace.



2
He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3
If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

199.

Evening Hymn.

The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2
We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

3
Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4
And should we early rise,
To view the unwearied sun;
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

200.

Parental Character of God.

My Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2
Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine!

3
Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

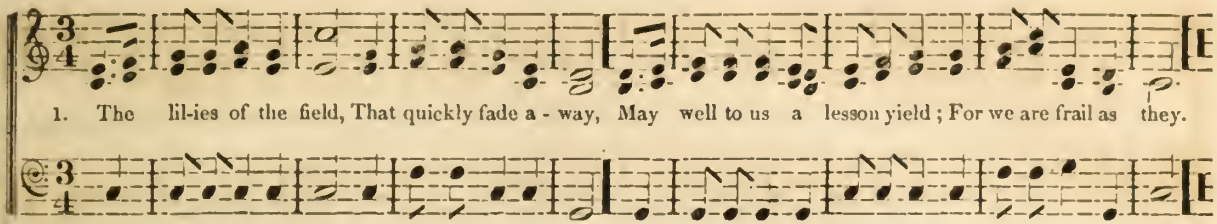
201.

Obedience to God our Father.

My Father! I adore
That all-commanding name;
O, may it virtue's strength restore,
And raise devotion's flame!

2
No more will I transgress,
As I too oft have done;
But every sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.

3
Do thou the strength impart
This purpose to fulfil;
Lord, write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.



2
Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

3
Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.

4
To God who made them all,
Let children humbly fly;
And then, whenever death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

203.
Devout Affection.

God, who is just and kind.
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2
The humble soul he guides;
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

204.
Invitation of Jesus.

See Israel's Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2
"Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not," he cried;
"Of such my Father's kingdom is,
And such with him abide.

3
O let this little flock,
We children seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

205.
Opening a School.

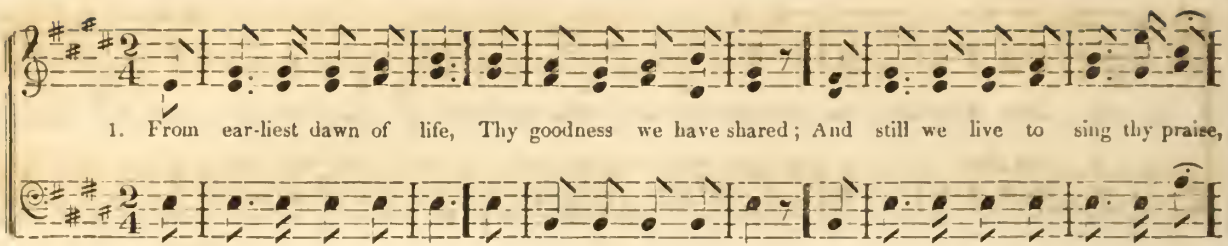
Within these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
Here may our piety increase,
And God's rich grace abound.

2
God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

206.
Dismissal.

Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2
Lord, may we love thy word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to learn thy holy will,
And practice what we know.



2

To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the path of future life,
Command thy light to shine.

3

While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

4

O let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

208.

Dependence.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee!

2

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.

3

All may of thee partake,—
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

209.

Sweet is the Work.

Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2

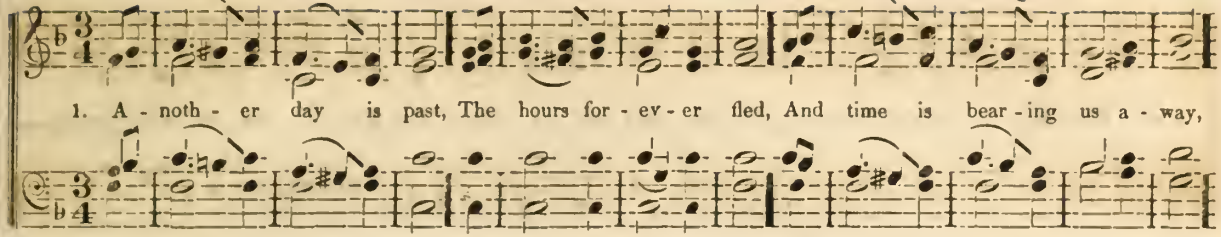
Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

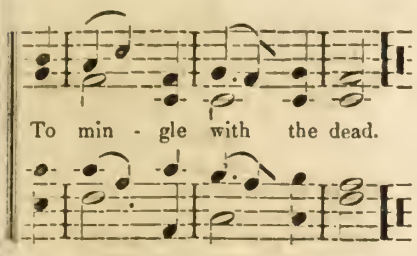
3

Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4

To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.





2

Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3

How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

211.

On Seeking God Early.

With humble heart and tongue,
Great God, to thee we pray;
O may we learn, while we are young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

2

Now, in our early days,
Teach us thyself to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes, on us bestow.

3

Make our defenceless youth
The object of thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

4

O let thy word of grace
Our warmest thought employ,
Be this, through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.

212.

Family Affection from Religious Principles.

How pleasing, Lord! to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite!

2

From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

3

No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While mingled praise and mingled pray'rs
Make their communion sweet.

4

'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.



2
I humbly bow in prayer,
And supplicate thy throne;
Forgiveness seek for follies past,
And all thy goodness own.

3
O condescend to hear
While I attempt to pray;
And guard me safe from harm and sin
Through all this Sabbath-day.

4
Let not my heart forget
Thy kindness and thy love;
Who gave for us thy Son to die,
That we might live above.

5
O let thy word of grace
My heart and mind employ;
And in the Sabbath school this day
May I its light enjoy.

214.

Union in Christ.

Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2
Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3
Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

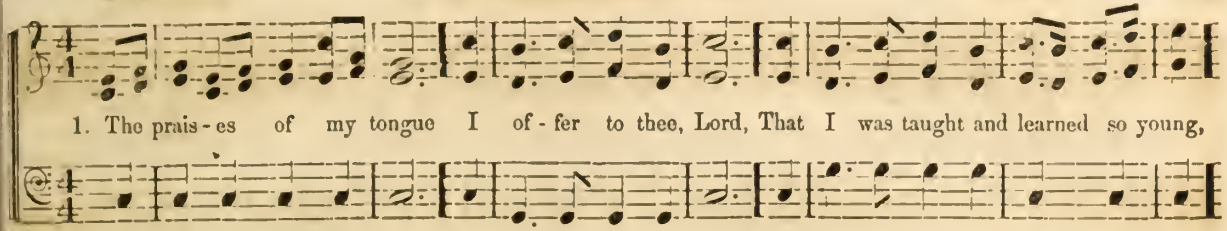
215.

The Ark.

Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that blest abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

2
There safe shalt thou abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every wish be satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

3
And when the waves of wrath
Again the earth shall fill,
Thine ark shall ride the sea of fire,
And rest on Zion's hill.



2

O may thy Spirit teach,
And make our hearts receive [preach,
Those truths which all thy servants
And all thy saints believe.

3

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learned in vain.

217.

We have another Home.

Now o'er earth's smiling face
Our eyes delighted roam,
But this is not our dwelling-place,
We have another home.

2

We look beyond this sphere,
To one more bright and pure;
Where sin can never cause a tear,
Nor pain the heart endure;

3

Where all we ever loved
In happiness shall meet,
Their radiant powers with glory crown'd,
Bending at Jesus' feet.

4

This faith be our defence
From fear, when death shall come,
Whom God will send to call us hence,
To heaven, our other home.

218.

Call to labor in God's Vineyard.

The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

2

O, let us then proceed
In God's great work below,
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3

And let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

4

O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all the faithful greet.



2

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

220

All Thy Works Praise Thee.

Let every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin
And sound his name abroad.

2

Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3

He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

221.

Zeal for God.

Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2

In me thy spirit dwell!
In me thy mercy move!
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

222.

Seeking God.

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2

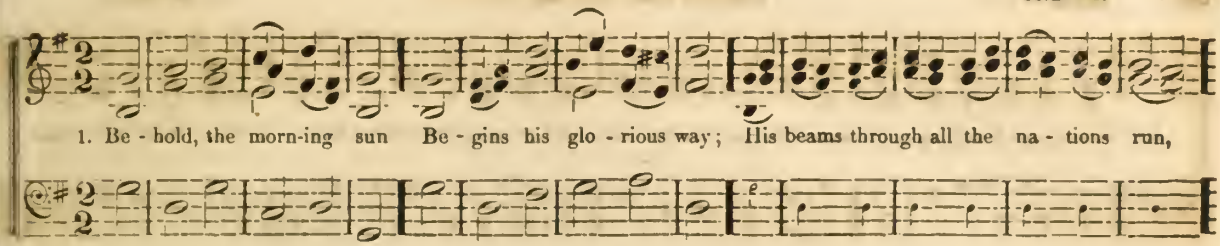
My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3

For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford:
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.



2

How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

3

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

224.

Dawn, Dew, and Youth.

Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh.

2

But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth; [drawn,
When doubt and darkness are with-
Before the light of truth.

3

Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flow'r we view
With pearly, glittering drops.

4

But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.

225.

Ascension of Christ.

Jesus ascends on high,
And sits upon his throne;
Angels and seraphs round him fly,
And all his greatness own:

2

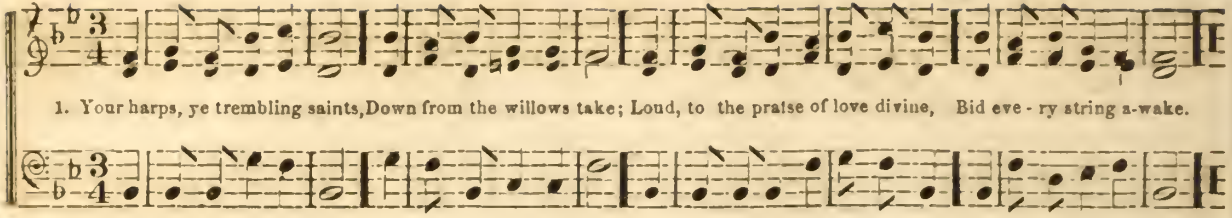
Yet in this glorious state
The human soul retains;
Remembers all his earthly fate,
And pities all our pains.

3

Still for the young he prays,
And blesses them above;
"Forbid them not," he kindly says,
And offers them his love.

4

His heart is still the same;
To him may children fly,
His gracious promise still may claim,
And on his word rely.



2

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3

His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

227

Loveliness of Youthful Piety.

O what a lovely sight,
To see our tender youth
Follow the Saviour with delight,
And tread the paths of truth.

2

They who begin so soon,
With swifter speed shall run; [noon,
More bright and sweet shall be their
More fair their evening sun.

3

When we can work no more,
They shall the cause extend;
Till every knee, from shore to shore,
At Jesus' name shall bend.

228.

Come to Jesus.

Come to the mercy-seat—
Come to the place of prayer;
Come, little children, to His feet,
In whom we live and are!

2

Come to your God in prayer—
Come to your Saviour now—
While youthful skies are bright and fair,
And health is on your brow.

3

Come in the name of Him
Who all your sorrows bore—
Who ever lives to pardon sin,
And will be sought by prayer.

229.

God's care a remedy for ours.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2

While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4

His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

230.

Praise God at all times.

Thy name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word!
Thy truth forever stands.

2

Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

231.

Temperance Hymn.

The temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all may hear the sound;
And shun the drunkard's wretched way,
For paths where bliss is found.

2

The temp'rance trumpet blow,
And bid the young come near;
Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
With zeal and humble fear.

3

The temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all with hoary hairs,
The cup of death may now renounce,
And 'scape its countless snares.

4

The temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all may hear and flee
The drunkard's path of wo and shame,
And endless misery.

232.

How sweet to Bless the Lord.

How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine.

2

These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3

O, blest assurance this
Bright morn of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4

Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent glow;
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

233.

Sweet is the work.

Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2

Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night
Still on the theme to dwell.

3

Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4

To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

234.

Jesus Welcomed.

How sweet the infant song,
As to the city's gate
The blessed Jesus rode along
In humble, peaceful state!

2

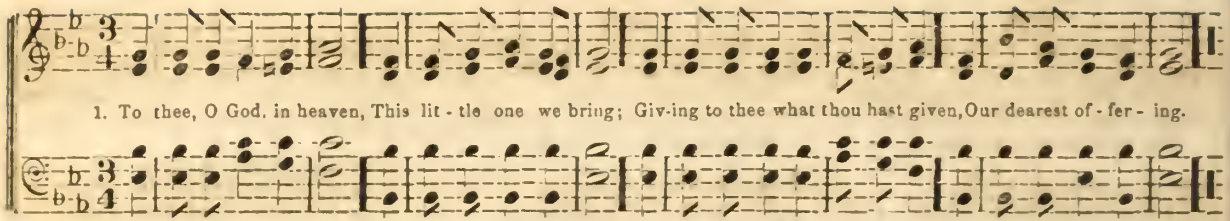
Hosannas filled the air,
And branches strewed the plain!
And thus, like welcome they prepare
Within the Jewish fane.

3

Such be his welcome here!
And such the hymn we raise,
Till all the young for Christ appear,
And thus perfect his praise.

4

Then from all infant tongues
Shall praise be lisp'd in love;
Then shall their sweetest, noblest songs
Be joined with those above.



2
Here in a world of toil,
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3
O then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

236.

Office of Faith.

Faith is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2
Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

237.

Meekness.

"Blest are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2
While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy,
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3
No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

4
O gracious Father! grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

238.

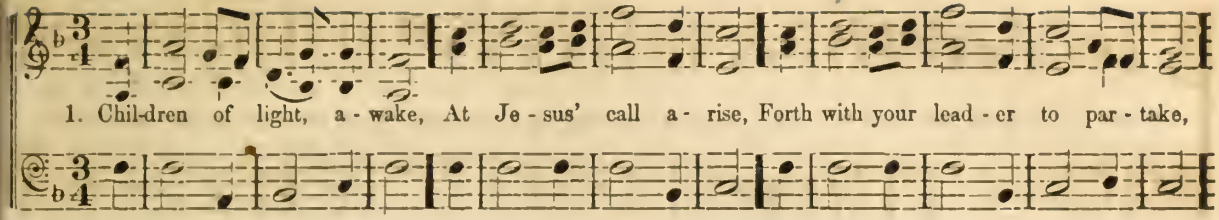
Death of a Teacher.

Companion! thou hast gone!
Rest from thy loved employ,—
The glorious victory thou hast won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2
The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
Life's pilgrimage is closed at last,
The soul is found in peace.

3
Teacher in Christ! well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

4
And we, who linger here—
Oh give us hearts to be
Devoted in the Teacher's sphere,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.



2

Ye must not idly stand,
His sacred voice who hear;
Arm for the strife the feeble hand,
The holy standard rear.

3

Awake, ye sons of light,
Strive till the prize be won,
Far spent already is the night;
The day comes brightening on.

240.

For a Blessing on the Seed sown.

Father of mercies, hear;
On us look kindly down;
Our humble labors deign to cheer,
And with thy favor crown.

2

In youthful hearts the seed
Of sacred truth we sow;
Now, Lord, the blessing that we need,
Freely do thou bestow.

3

Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long, with thankful voice,
Both he who sows and they who reap,
Together shall rejoice.

4

Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown;
And if a hundred-fold it bear,
The praise is all thine own.

241.

Christ the Light of the World.

Behold! the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2

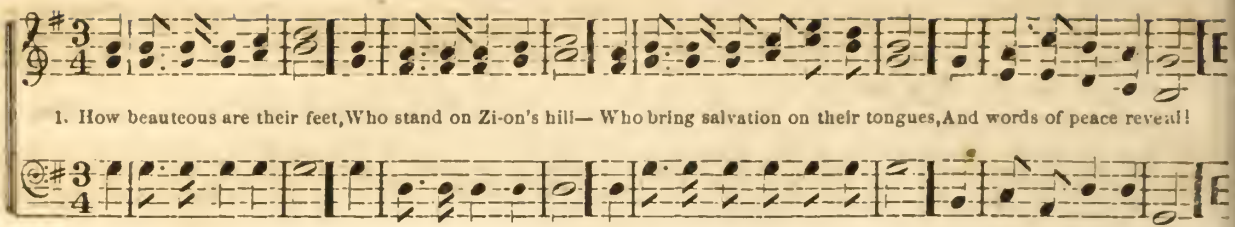
No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3

Jesus, the light of men,
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts.

4

Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way; [trod,
The path which Christ has marked and
Will lead to endless day.



2

How charming is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King:
He reigns and triumphs here.

3

How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

213.

Rural Celebration.

The freshly-blooming flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers,
Sing forth thy tender care.

2

The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3

But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4

These living hearts of ours,
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossoms of all nature's flowers
Would please our Father less.

214.

Heaven.

Far from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2

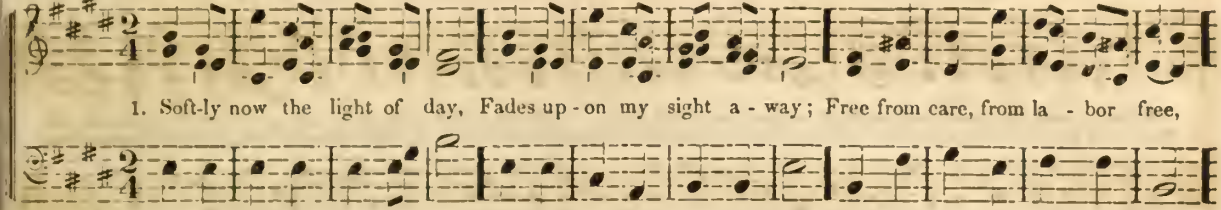
No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

3

There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

4

O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
And lively faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.



2

Soon for us the light of day,
Shall forever fade away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

246.

Give Me thy Heart.

Hear ye not a voice from heaven
To the list'ning spirit given?
"Children, come," it seems to say;
"Give your hearts to me to-day."

2

Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove;
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,
Thus it wins us to his arms.

3

While to thee, O Lord, we come,
In our morning's early bloom,
Breathe on us thy grace divine,
Take our hearts and make them thine.

247.

Jesus a Guide.

Shepherd of thy little flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the richest pastures grow,
Where the living waters flow.

2

By that pure and silent stream,
Shelter'd from the scorching beam,
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep us ever near thy side!

248.

Religion.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

2

After death its joys will be,
Lasting as eternity;
Let me then make God my friend,
And on all his ways attend.

249.

Learning to Love.

Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2

With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.



251

The Bible.

Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

2

Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Father's love;
Mine to guide my doubtful feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

3

Mine to comfort in distress;
Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless;
Mine to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4

Mine to tell of joys to come;
Mine to lead the spirit home;
O thou precious book divine!
Holy Bible! thou art mine.

252.

Sabbath Evening.

Softly fades the twilight ray,
Of the holy Sabbath-day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2

Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the heart is free from sin.

3

Saviour, may our Sabbaths be,
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

253

Morning Hymn for an Infant School.

1 FIRST CLASS.

Little schoolmates, can you tell,
Who has kept us safe and well,
Through the watches of the night,
Brought us safe to see the light?

2 SECOND CLASS.

Yes; it is our God does keep
Little children while they sleep;
He has kept us safe from harm,
Shelter'd by his powerful arm.

3 FIRST CLASS.

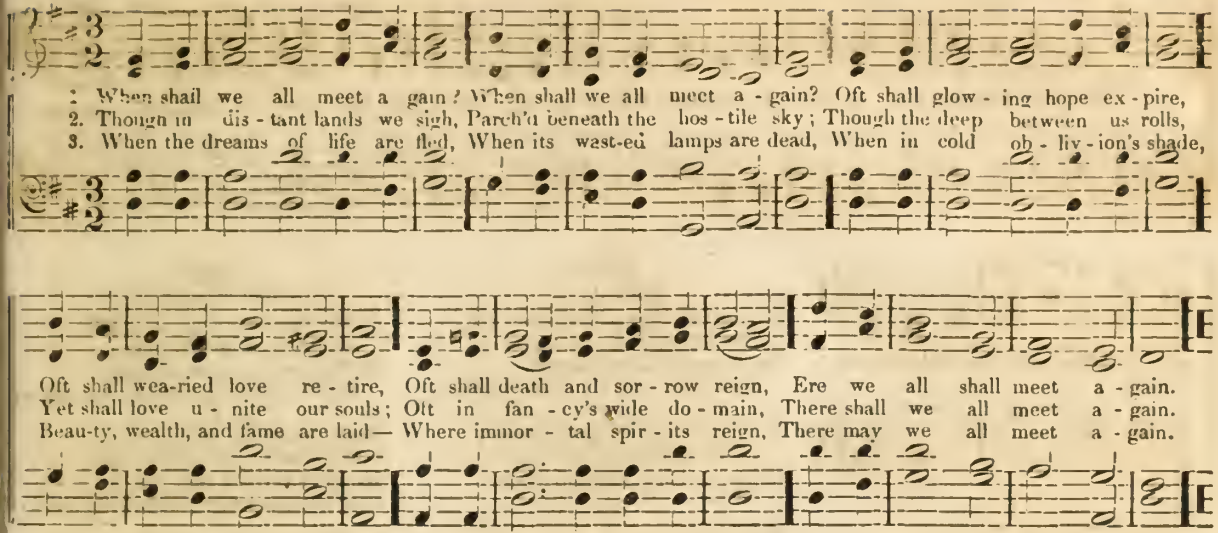
Can you tell who gives us food,
Clothes, and home, and parents good,
Schoolmates dear, and teachers kind,
Useful books, and active mind?

4 SECOND CLASS.

Yes; our heavenly Father's care
Gives us all we eat and wear;
All our books, and all our friends,
God, in kindness, to us sends.

5 CHORUS.

O, then, let us thankful be,
For his mercies large and free;
Every morning let us raise
Our young voices in his praise.



255

Rock of Ages.

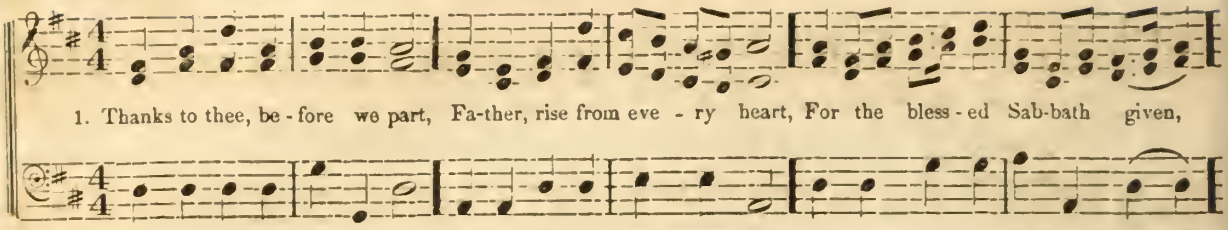
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of fear and sin the cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.



2
Give the teaching of this hour
O'er our lives a guiding power;
Deep impress thy saving truth
On the wavering heart of youth.

3
Guide and Guardian be to each,
Till that safer home we reach,
Where—sweet Sabbaths never o'er—
We shall meet and part no more.

257.
Early Piety.

Young and happy while thou art,
Not a furrow on thy brow,
Not a sorrow in thy heart,
Seek the Lord, thy Maker, now.

2
In its freshness bring the flower,
While the dew upon it lies,
In the cool and cloudless hour
Of the morning sacrifice.

3
As the first-fruits of the year
Should be offered to the Lord,
So the first-fruits of the heart,
On his altar should be poured.

4
Thus the blessing from above,
On life's harvest shall be given;
Sown in tears, perhaps, on earth,
Reaped in joyfulness in heaven.

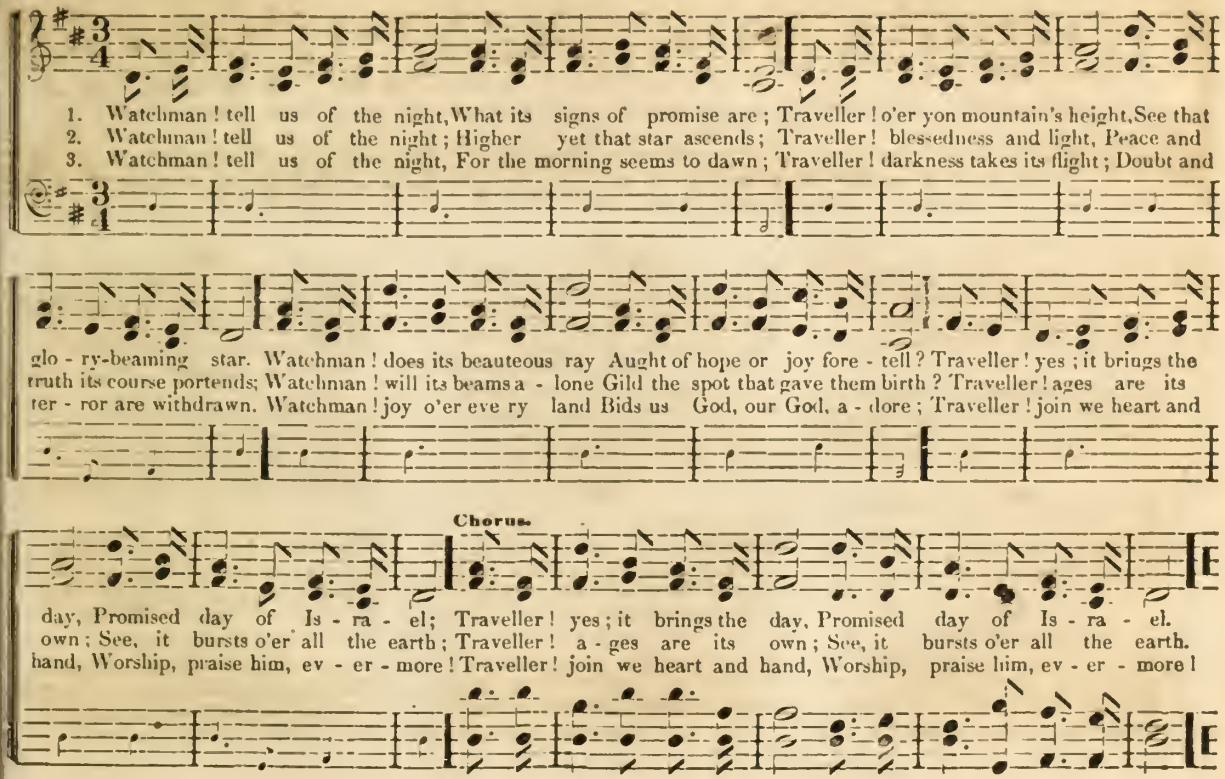
258.
God Everywhere.

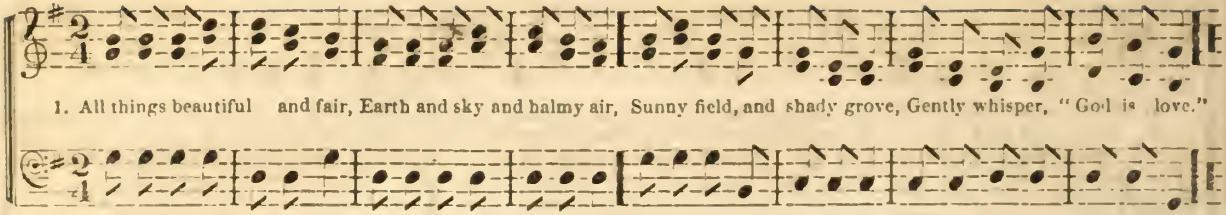
In the stars that shine so bright,
In the moon we see above,
In the sun that gives us light,
In the worlds that round him move;

2
In the ocean, in the seas,
In the dry and fruitful land,
In the green and lofty trees,
In the wind that makes them bend;

3
In the flowers that smell so sweet,
In the garden where they grow,
In the house and in the street,
Wheresoever we may go;

4
In the chamber where we sleep,
By the bed, to hear our prayer;
God will all his children keep,
God is here and every where.


1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that
2. Watchman! tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends; Traveller! blessedness and light, Peace and
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn; Traveller! darkness takes its flight; Doubt and
glo - ry-beaming star. Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Traveller! yes; it brings the
truth its course portends; Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller! ages are its
ter - ror are withdrawn. Watchman! joy o'er eve ry land Bids us God, our God, a - dore; Traveller! join we heart and
Chorus.
day, Promised day of Is - ra - el; Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth; Traveller! a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
hand, Worship, praise him, ev - er - more! Traveller! join we heart and hand, Worship, praise him, ev - er - more!



2
Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud,
Seem to tell us, "God is good."

3
Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is love."

4
He who dwelleth high in heaven
Unto us all things hath given,—
Let us, as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is love."

261.

A little Child's Prayer.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2
Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not:
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3
I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days:
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

262.

Meeting for Charity.

Little rain-drops feed the rill;
Rills to meet the brooklet glide;
Brooks the broader rivers fill:
Rivers swell the ocean's tide.

2
So the dew-drops gathered here,
Mites from willing childhood's hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer,
That with greenness clothe the land.

3
With that sea of love shall blend,
Which the gospel's grace doth pour,
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

263.

Invocation.- New Year.

Bless, O Lord each opening year
To the souls assembling here:
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

2
Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

3
Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love!

264.

Devout Supplication.

Suppliant, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend,—
We are weak, almighty thou.

2

With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives and in their hearts,
Father, be thy laws imprest.

3

Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
Errors pardoned, sins forgiven,
Humble trust, obedience sure,
Love to man and faith in heaven.

265.

Value of the Scriptures.

Lord, thy words are dearer far
Than earth's choicest treasures are:
Purest gold or costly gem
Are but dust compared with them.

2

Like a lamb, whene'er we stray,
Shining bright upon the way;
Let these holy words of truth
Be the guide, Lord, of our youth.

266

Sabbath Worship.

Soft and holy is the place
Where the light that beams from heav'n,
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiven.

2

Here with one accord we meet,
All the words of life to hear,
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshiping with godly fear.

3

Let the world and all its cares
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares
Cease to hinder or molest.

4

Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heaven above,
Purest joys thy scenes afford
To the heart attuned to love.

267.

Praise to God.

Let us sing, with one accord,
Praise to the eternal Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise,
Hearts and voice let us raise.

2

He hath made us by his power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
Lives to bless who died to save.

3

Dear to him is youthful prayer:
Humble hearts to him are dear;
Heart and voice, let all be given,
All will find its way to heaven.

268.

Peace on Earth.

Peace! the welcome sound proclaim,
Dwell with rapture on the theme:
Loud, still louder, swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

2

Breezes, whispering soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Breathe the sweet celestial strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

3

Ocean's billows! far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride;
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

4

Christians, who these blessings feel,
And in adoration kneel,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

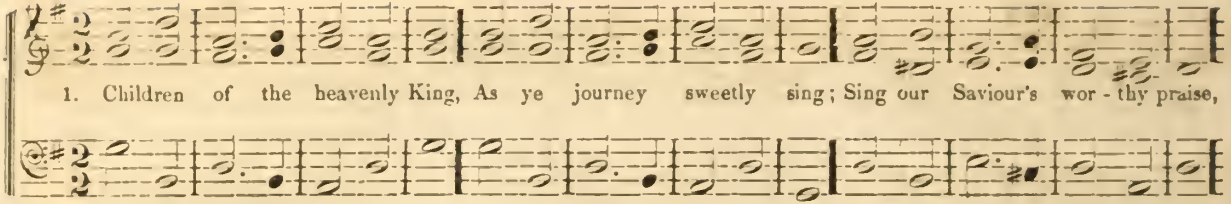
269.

Close of the Year.

Time by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
But it soon amounts to years.

2

If we see another year,
May thy blessing meet us here;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes.



2

We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now — and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

271.

Welcome, Day of Rest.

Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
To the world in kindness given;
Welcome to this humble breast,
As the beaming light from heaven.

2

Day of soft and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run,
As the peaceful streamlet flows,
Radiant with a summer's sun.

3

Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
With thy influence all divine;
May thy hallowed hours be blest
To this feeble heart of mine.

272.

Duties of the Sabbath.

This is God's most holy day;
We must neither work nor play;
But we'll try to pray and sing,
And to serve our heavenly King.

2

O, 'tis pleasant now to go
To our Saviour's house below;
And we hope to sing and love
In our Saviour's house above.

273.

The Everlasting Sabbath.

Soon will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be gone;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2

Pleasant are the songs we raise;
Full of joy our notes of praise;
But a music sweeter far
Breathes where angel spirits are.

3

Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

4

Yes: — that rest our own may be;
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

274.

Divine Direction.

Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise;
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2

Thou didst form me by thy power,
Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree.

3

Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief.

275.

God in Nature.

In each breeze that wanders free,
And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see,
Freshly uttered words from God.

2

God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine,
Every form that meets the eye.

3

Let us then with searching mind,
Seek a good where'er it springs,
We shall then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things.

276.

Nature.

Nature with eternal youth,
Ever bursts upon thy sight,
All her works are types of truth!
Mirrors of celestial light!

2

Unto those who, pure in heart,
For the truth their powers employ,
She will constant good impart,
And diffuse perpetual joy.

3

If the mind would nature see,
Let her cherish virtue more;
Goodness bears the golden key
That unlocks her palace door!

277.

Parting Hymn.

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart,
Of our ever-present Friend.

2

Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3

In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

278.

Praise the Name Divine.

Praise, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine.

279.

Morning Hymn.

Now, the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light comes on;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2

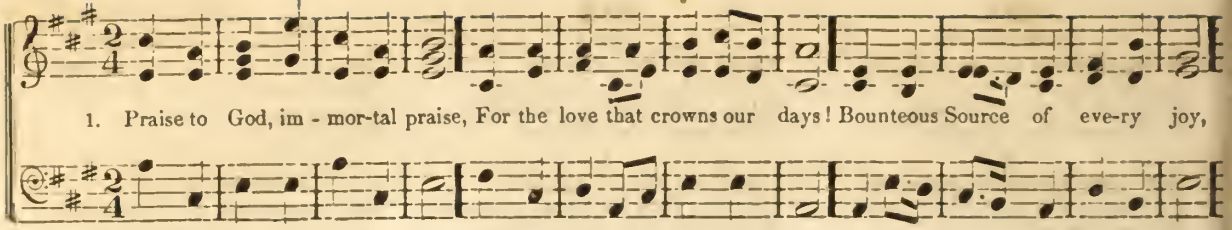
Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.

3

Keep our haughty passions bound:
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4

When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.



2

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,—
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

3

These to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

281.

God everywhere heareth Prayer.

Though on dreary wilds alone,
Prayer's a pathway to the throne:
Place the Christian where you will,
Eternal love is present still.

2

Who can trace a beam of light?
Prayer's more rapid in its flight;
Rocks of granite, gates of brass,
Bow to let the pleading pass.

3

'Neath the sceptre or the rod
Lift thy spirit up to God;
Deity in every place
Opens wide the gates of grace.

282.

Praise the Lord.

All ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

283.

Closing Hymn.

Saviour, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O, may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.

2

Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel full success;—
Thine the work, the glory thine.

284.

Close of worship.

To thy temple we repair:
How we love to worship there!
Holy Father! give us grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.

2

From thy house when we return,
May our hearts within us burn;
And at evening let us say,
"We have walked with God to-day.

285.

Worship.

When before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

4

Check each proud and wandering tho't
When on thy great name we call,
Man is naught, is less than naught,
Thou, O God, art all in all.

3

O receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One.

286

Death of a Child.

Mourn ye not whose child hath found
Purer skies and holier ground;
Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,
Free from thorns and fresh with dew.

2

Mourn not ye, whose child hath fled
From this region of the dead,
To yon winged angel band,
To a better, fairer land.

3

Knowledge in that clime doth grow
Free from weeds of toil and woe;
Joys which mortals may not share; —
Mourn ye not, your child is there. [6]

287.

The Sabbath.

Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest,
Songs of praise ascend on high,
Hallelujahs fill the sky.

2

Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Humble prayer to God ascend,
God our Father and our Friend.

3

Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Gladly may we hear his word,
Gladly learn the way to God.

4

Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Precious day to mortals given,
Emblem of the rest of heaven.

288.

For Morning and Evening.

Gracious God! to thee I pray,
Give me grace to pray aright;
Guide and bless me every day,
And defend me every night.

2

Let thy mercy, while I live,
Every needful want supply;
And thy blissful presence give,
To support me when I die.

289.

God Provideth for the Morrow.

Lo! the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!

2

Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety:
Children, banish doubt and sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

3

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children lest they fall:

4

Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting him, through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

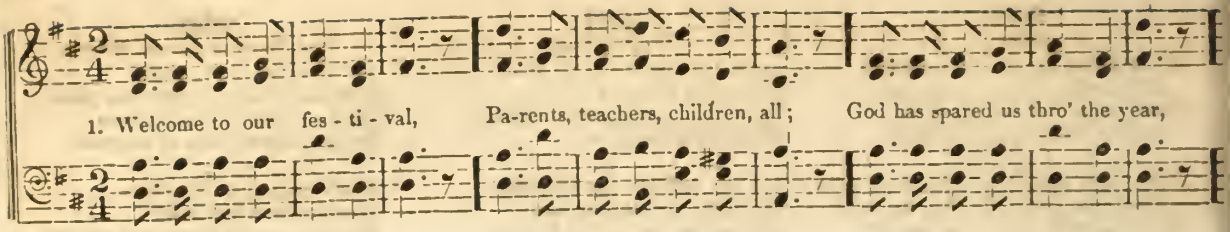
290.

Sabbath School Hymn.

Suppliant, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty thou.

2

Pour into each longing mind
Light and pardon from above,
Charity for all our kind,
Trusting faith, and holy love.



2

All unite to praise our God,
For his grace on us bestowed;
Hallowed be the songs we raise—
Happy songs of grateful praise.

292.

A blessing invoked on Teachers.

Mighty One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

2

Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind;

3

Shed on these, who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,—
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

293.

Temperance Hymn.

Gracious God, to thee belong,
Songs of praises ever more;
Wilt thou hear our grateful song,
While thy goodness we adore.

2

Ordered by thy sovereign will,
Guided by thy mighty hand,
May the cause of Temp'rance still
Spread triumphant through our land.

294.

Temperance Hymn.

Hark! the voice of choral song,
Floats upon the breeze along,
Chanting clear, in solemn lays,—
"Man redeemed—to God the praise!"

2

Angels, strike the golden lyre!
Mortals, catch the heavenly fire!
Thousands ransomed from the grave,
Millions yet our pledge shall save!

3

Save from sin's destructive breath,
Save from sorrow, shame and death—
From intemperance and strife,
Save the husband, children, wife!

4

Courage! let no heart despair—
Mighty is the truth we bear!
Foward then, baptized in love,
Led by wisdom from above!



296

The Only Refuge.

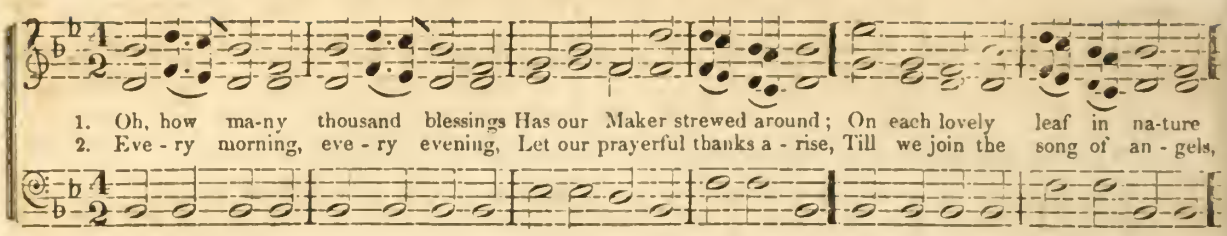
Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

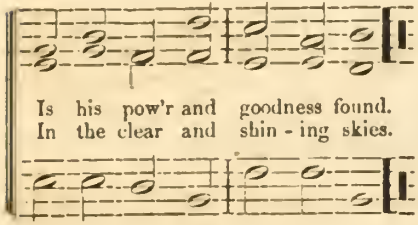
2

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3

Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within,
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.





298.

Hallelujah.

Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
May not infants lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme!

2

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal day,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise.

299.

National Praise.

Up to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us, while our songs we raise.

2

Praise, for the unceasing bounty,
Poured with an indulgent hand—
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning Freedom's favored land.

3

While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ.

4

Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom,
Thine the power and glory be,
Thine through endless ages rolling,
Thine throughout eternity.

300.

Invitation.

Hark, the Sabbath bells are ringing!
Let us haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

2

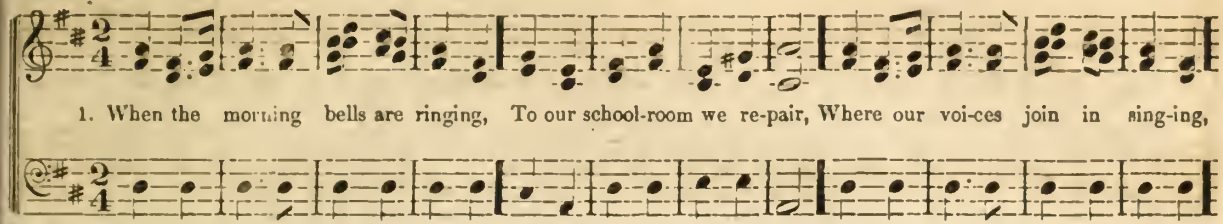
'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
When we meet for praise and pray'r;
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us, then, be early there.

3

Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

4

Children, haste, the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair:
Thousands now are joined in singing—
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.



2

Let us all with firm endeavor,
In our duties now engage;
We shall gain our Father's favor,
Bending o'er his sacred page.

3

There the lessons he has taught us,
Will our hearts and minds improve,
And the blessings he has brought us,
Wake a strong and filial love.

302.

For a Rural Excursion.

Here we meet with joy together,
'Neath the shade of leafy trees,
While the branches make sweet music,
Rustling in the summer breeze.

2

Filled with love each heart rejoices,
Breathing forth in secret prayer;
While young children's sweet-toned voices,
Float upon the balmy air.

3

Hour of gladness, sense of beauty!
Radiant all around, above;
Speaking to the soul of duty,
Hope and faith and heavenly love.

4

Day of happiness and pleasure,
Ne'er wilt thou forgotten be;
But 'mid memory's choicest treasure,
We will guard and cherish thee.

303.

The Song of Angels.

Hark! what means those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise,

2

Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3

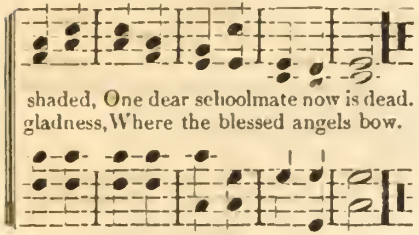
"Peace on earth, good-will from heav'n,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4

"Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

(GREENWOOD.) 301. ONE SWEET FLOWER HAS DROOPED AND FADED.





3

She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.

4

May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

5

Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free—
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to Thee.

305.

Death of a Pastor.

Pastor, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

2

All thy love and zeal to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

3

May the conq'ring faith that cheered thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

306.

Death of a Young Female.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2

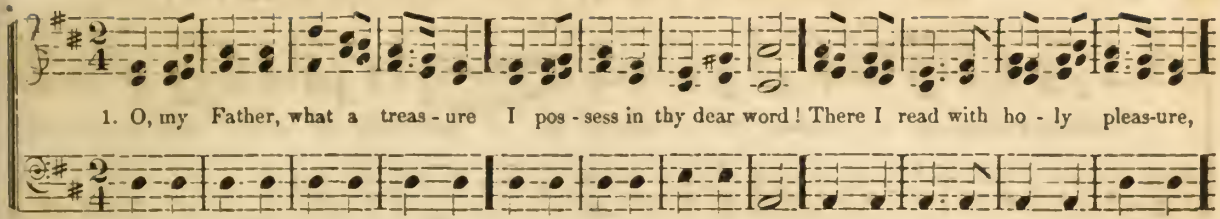
Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3

Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

4

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.



2

That blest word reveals the Saviour
All his children deeply need;
O, what mercy, love and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed!

3

O, the blessedness of knowing
Christ, the tender Saviour's love,
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

308.

The Golden Rule.

Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone;
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?

2

We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best;
Let us love like friends and brothers—
'Twas the Saviour's last request.

3

His example we should borrow,
Who forsook his throne above,
And endured such pain and sorrow,
Out of tenderness and love.

4

When a selfish thought would seize us,
And our resolution break,
Let us then remember Jesus,
And resist it for his sake.

309.

Closing Hymn.

Father! grant us now thy blessing,
Smile upon us from above;
Let us all, pure hearts possessing,
Fill our lives with deeds of love.

2

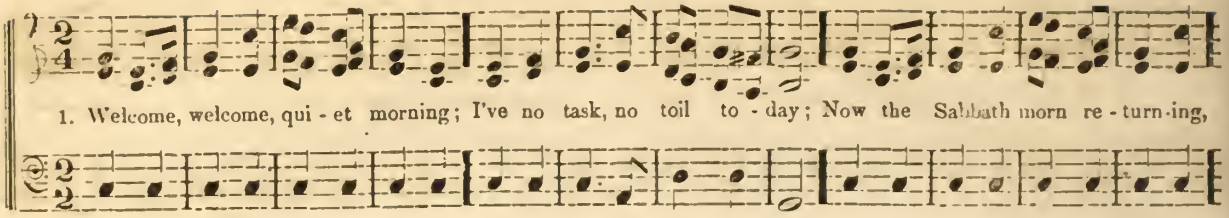
Make us gentle, kind and lowly;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The same.

God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.

2

As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come



2

Swift my childhoood's dreams are passing,
Like the startled doves they fly;
Or bright clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

3

Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,
Soon its visions will be mine;
Shall I covet wealth and glory?
Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine?

4

No, my Lord, one prayer I raise thee
From my young and happy heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

311.

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2

Life is real—life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art—to dust returnest—
Was not spoken of the soul.

3

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

4

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footsteps on the sands of time.

5

Let us then be up and doing;
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

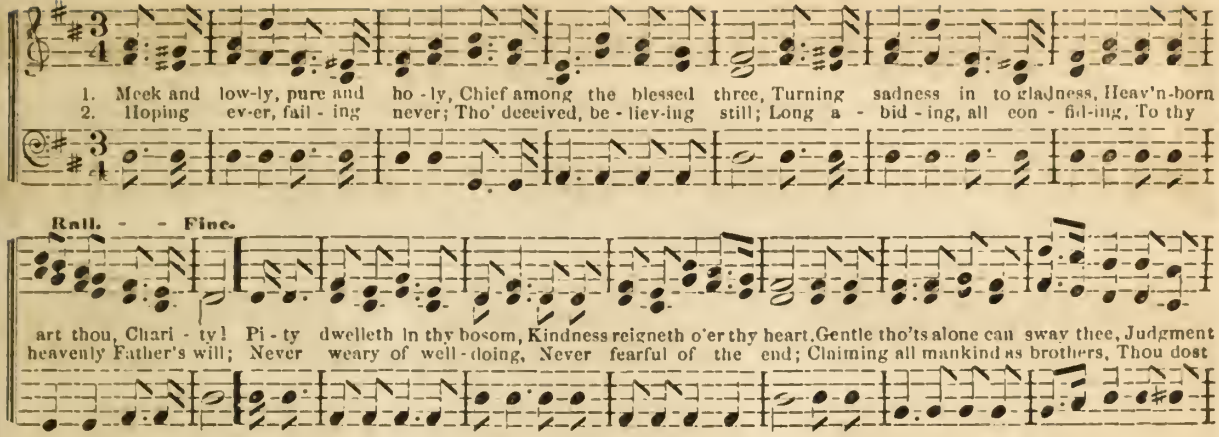
312.

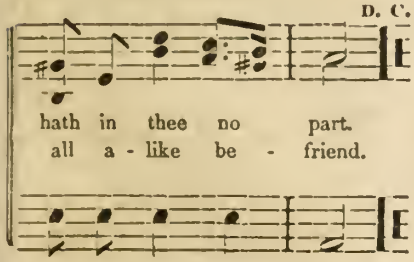
Doxology.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above;

2

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.





314.

Opening Hymn.

Holy Father, gently bless us,
Lead our every thought above;
Let no earthly care oppress us,
May we all be filled with love.
Loving spirits hover o'er us,
Angels bright in truth's array,
Ope the path of life before us,
Lead us on to cloudless day.
Let no jarring thought divide us,
Sweetest harmony be ours;
Wisdom's richest feast provide us,
As we pass these happy hours.

315.

Part in Peace.

Part in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows length'ning o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.
Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil mem'ry to the dead.
Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.



317.

The Song of Heaven.

Come, and sing with joy and gladness;
Elevate your hearts in praise;
Come, dismiss all gloom and sadness;
High your songs exulting raise,-
With the angel choirs uniting,
Sing of Jesus' wondrous love;
'Tis a subject so delighting,
Thrilling all the harps above.

2

Come, and sweetly tune your voices;
Raise them to a lofty strain;
Sing aloud, while heaven rejoices;
Shout! for Jesus comes to reign:
Glory! hear the angels crying,
Glory to the Saviour's name;
Shall not children, with them vieing,
Here, on earth, his praise proclaim!

3

Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure
That they should not hold their peace;
And his blessings, without measure,
He bestowed on such as these:
Then to heaven high ascending
Shall our anthems quickly rise;
With angelic voices blending
Far above yon azure skies.

318.

Close of Festivities.

Now our festive joys are ending,
And we all again must part;
Ere we go, our voices blending,
Give the tribute of the heart;
Offer thanks, with grateful feeling,
For our Father's love and grace,
For the truths, like plants of healing,
For the wounds of all our race.

2

Let our hearts, the lessons heeding
Of this holy festal time,
Strive by study, prayer and reading,
To possess the truths sublime;—
Truths that kindle like the shining
Of the stars when eve sets in;
Truths far better for divining
Than the charts and rods of men.

3

Now farewell! but ere retreating,
Let us here, in earnest truth,
Vow we will not live defeating
All that prompts to virtuous youth;
By the desert's strange temptation,
By the cross which He endured,
Soul! be strong to fill thy station,
Till thy bark is safely moored.

319

Anniversary Hymn.

Gracious Father, by thy favor,
We are here to bless thy name,
Thanking thee, our Guardian, Saviour,
That our school is still the same—
Rich in lessons of instruction,
Rich in friends who love us well,
Rich in charms against destruction
Of the power of virtue's spell.

2

Hear us while we ask thy blessing
Still to rest upon our band,
That, the worth of love confessing,
We may still here, hand in hand,
Anxious seek to know our duty,
Be as youthful Jesus was,
Prizing most that moral beauty,
Which the good child only has.

3

Bless our parents, bless each teacher;
Be, O God, our pastor's guide;
May we hear him as thy preacher;
In our hearts thy truth abide;
And the path of life pursuing
By the precepts of thy Son,
May we, when the past reviewing,
Feel the joy of duty done.

320.

Invitation and Response.

TEACHERS.

Come, ye children, and adore him—
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come and worship now before him—
He hath call'd you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all-abounding grace;
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

2. CHILDREN.

On this holy day of gladness
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness replete.
O to feel the love of Jesus;
O to know that, from above,
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love;

3. TEACHERS.

Dearest children, now adore him;
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
Let the nations bow before him—
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

4. CHILDREN.

Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
Now ascends to thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at thy throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace?

5. TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

Praise to thee, O Lord, forever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
Blessed Lord of life and light!
Ransom'd nation, spread the story!
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er!
All his grace, and all his glory,
O proclaim forever more!



322

Commencement of Service.

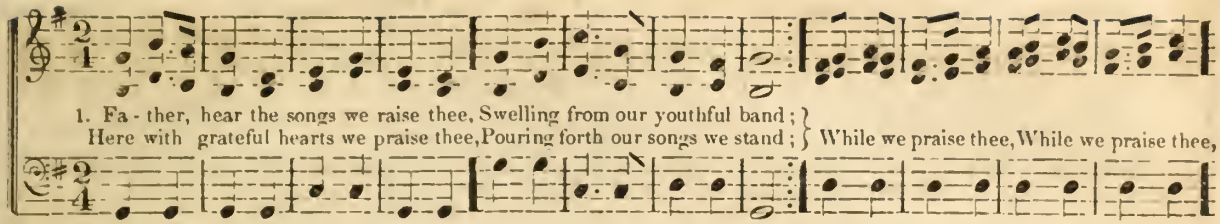
When the morning bell is ringing,
To the chapel we repair;
Here we all unite in singing,
And devoutly join in prayer:
While in harmony our voices
Are ascending to our God,
Every grateful heart rejoices
Thus to spread his praise abroad.

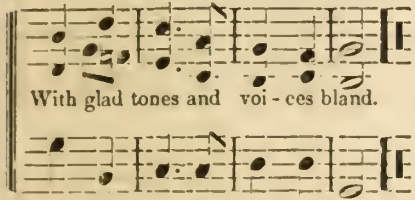
2

In the duties now before us,
Let us faithfully engage;
Spirit of all truth! be o'er us,
As we search the sacred page:
May the lessons Christ has taught us,
All our minds and hearts improve;
And the blessings he has brought us,
Wake a strong and holy love.

3

Thankful for the kind protection
Which has blessed us thro' the week,
Still imploring thy direction,
While we heavenly wisdom seek.
Father! thus, in pure devotion,
Every thought inspired by love,
Gratitude in each emotion,
Would we lift our souls above.





2

Long thine arm has been around us,
To protect and to defend;
Let thy power still surround us,
Still thy shield above us bend,
While to praise thee,
While to praise thee,
Shall our hearts and voices blend.

324.

Children Exhorted.

Children, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O, receive him,
O, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2

Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight:
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3

All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting;
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

325

The Pilgrim's Guide and Guardian.

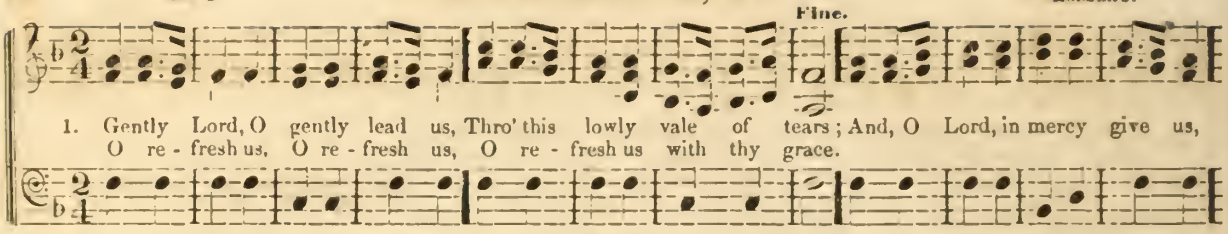
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.



2

Though ten thousand ills beset us
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin,
Therefore praise him,
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3

O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love.
Happy songsters,
Happy songsters,
When shall I your chorus join.

327.

Love for the Sabbath School.

Yes, dear Sabbath school, I love thee;
Here I meet with friends most dear;
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear;
And the teachers, And the teachers
Kindly all my lessons hear.

2

Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford;
Earthly friends, and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord:
Precious lessons,
Precious lessons,
Here are spoken from his Word.

3

Yet my heart is filled with wonder:
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
O, invite them:
O, invite them:
They will love the school so well.

4

I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me;
And to school will straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be:
I am thankful, I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

328.

"Hosanna to the Son of David."

Within the temple's spacious court
Jesus hears the children's song;
There around him they resort,
A delighted, happy throng;
While hosannas,
While hosannas
From their lips burst loud and long.

2

Friend of children! blessed Saviour!
Listen to our grateful lays!
May our childlike, meek behaviour,
Teach our lips "perfected praise;"
While hosannas,
While hosannas,
Grateful, joyful, now we raise

329.

Praise to the Saviour.

Lord, with grateful hearts before thee,
We thy little children meet,
For thy goodness to adore thee,
And thy praises to repeat.
Saviour, hear us!
Hear us from thy mercy-seat.

2

For thy bounteous gifts we praise thee,
Life, and peace, and friends, at home;
Yet a nobler song we'll raise thee,
Since thou didst from glory come,
And didst freely
Suffer in the sinner's room.

3

Wherefore, Lord of earth and heaven,
We thy little flock would be;
Unto us thy grace be given,
Teach us how to follow thee,
And for refuge
To the Rock of Ages flee.

330.

Suffer Little Children to come unto Me.

Saviour, at thy footstool bending,
We a youthful band appear:
May our grateful songs ascending
Reach and please thy gracious ear:
Thus to praise thee
Make and keep our hearts sincere.

2

No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thine invitation:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Saviour,
Let us each thy kingdom see.

3

Take us, then, thou kind Protector,
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director;
In thine arms of mercy bear.
Guide to glory:
We shall dwell in safety there.

331.

Children's Worship.

Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing of thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy;
O how solemn we should be.
May thy Spirit
Teach us how to worship thee.

2

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
May we ever
Live to him, and him alone.

3

May our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us in the way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.
Praise and glory
To the Lord our God belong.

332.

Rewards of Early Piety.

God has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth —
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2

Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide:
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

3

Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky—
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.



2

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence,
With us evermore be found.

334.

Preparation for the Heavenly Sabbath.

Now is done the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Hush'd the voice of friends beseeching
Us to seek for joys above:
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, O! they swiftly move.

2

Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay—
Make us holy,
On the sacred Sabbath day.

3

Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath schools be past;
Like the leaf, to earth descended,
Wither'd in the autumn blast:
Life is passing,
We must see the grave at last.

4

Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright:
And, with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

335.

Closing Hymn.

Peace from God our heavenly Father,
Now descending from above.
With the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Spirit of his love:
Here abiding—
Fit us for our Home above:

2

There, in songs of praise forever,
May we all at last unite—
Freely drink of that pure river,
Flowing from the throne of light—
Join the number,
Who are clothed in spotless white.

336.

Prayer for a Blessing.

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy children's need.

2

O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

337.

Seek, and ye shall find.

Let us now, with hearts united,
Seek and praise our God above;
Far too long we him have slighted:
But if now we seek his love,
We shall find him,
And our souls he will approve.

2

If we seek his Holy Spirit
In our young and early days,
He will grant, through Jesus' merit,
Rich supplies of heavenly grace;
And will fit us
For eternal songs of praise.

338.

Benediction.

Father, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through;
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

2

Young in years,—we need the wisdom
Which can only come from thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see,—
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.

3

When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour hear us when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.

339.

Closing of the Year.

Through another year conducted,
Unto thee our song we raise;
For thy wide unbounded kindness,
Thee, we humbly join to praise.
Lord, assist us
Still to walk in wisdom's ways!

2

While again we bow before thee,
Using here the means of grace;
While in worship we adore thee,
In this oft frequented place,
Oh! permit us
To behold the Saviour's face!

3

While the word of life is taught us,
May thy Spirit, Lord, descend;
Thus enlivened, thus distinguished,
May this year in mercy end;
And Jehovah
Be our everlasting Friend.

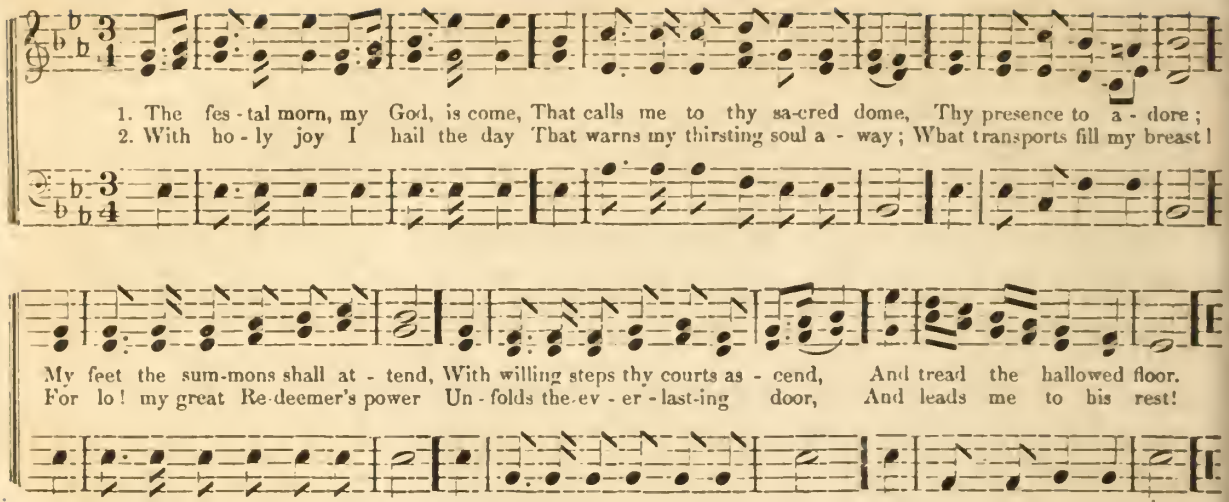
340.

From School to Church.

Gracious Lord, do thou go with us
To thy sacred house of prayer;
Condescend to own and bless us
In the names appointed there:
Truth delivered
May we treasure up with care.

2

Let the joys of thy salvation
Daily dwell upon our mind;
Make us thankful in each station,
To thy holy will resigned:
In thy worship
May we always pleasure find.



312

3

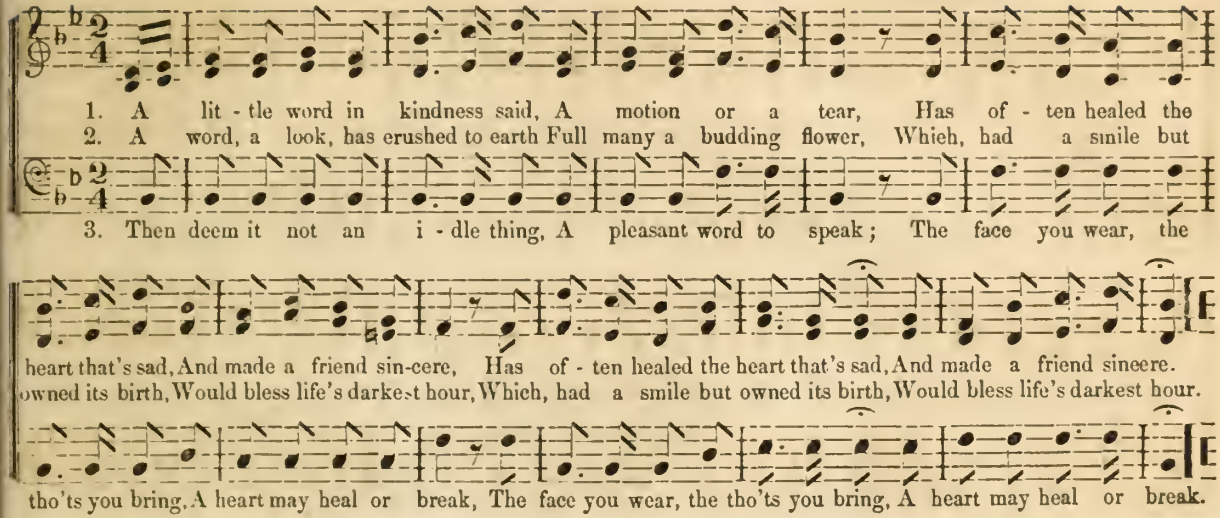
Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

Natural Beauty an Emblem of Goodness.

Fair are the flowers that deck the ground;
And groves and gardens, blooming round,
Unnumbered charms unfold;
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

2

But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dressed,
Where heaven's own graces shine;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine



311

Careless Words.

Beware, beware of careless words,
They have a fearful power,
And jar upon the spirit's chords
Through many a weary hour.

2

Though not designed to give us pain,
Though but a random word,
Remembrance bringeth back again
What once our bosoms stirr'd.

3

They haunt us through the toilsome day,
And through the lonely night,
And rise to cloud the spirit's ray
When all beside is bright.

4

Though from the mind and with the breath
Which gave them, they have flown,
Yet wormwood, gall, and even death,
May dwell in every tone.

5

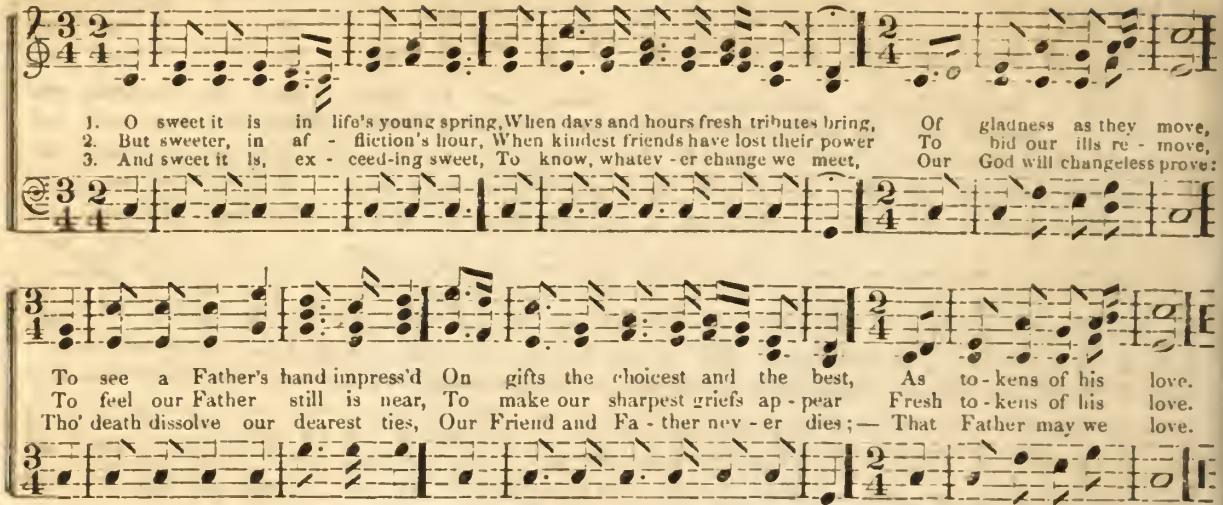
And burning tears can well attest
A sentence lightly framed
May linger, cankering in the breast,
At which it first was aimed.

6

O, could my prayers indeed be heard,—
Might I the past live o'er,
I'd guard against a careless word,
E'en though I spoke no more.

315. O SWEET IT IS IN LIFE'S YOUNG SPRING. 8s & 6s.

AIR.—INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.



316.

Gratitude evinced by Living to God's Glory.

Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2

O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

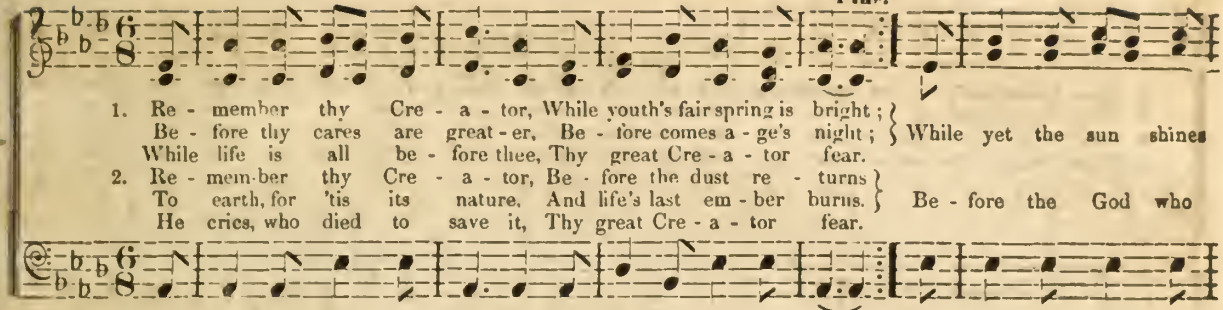
317.

Children supplicating.

Our Father, we adore thy name,
The sweetest prayer our lips can frame,
We offer now to thee:
Do thou the Holy Spirit send,
Our guardian, guide, instructor, friend,
And comforter to be.

2

Protect and lead our erring youth
In paths of piety and truth,
Nor ever let us stray;
But, through the Saviour's dying love
Bring us to dwell with thee above
In everlasting day.



319.

Come ere it be too late.

O come in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have wither'd,
And sorrow end thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2

"Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.

350.

Buy the Truth, and sell it not.

Go thou, in life's fair morning—
Go in the bloom of youth—
And buy, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2

Go, while the day-star shineth;
Go, while thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright;
Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Scepters, and crowns of kings.

3

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!



352.

Praise and Prayer.

To thee we raise our voices,
To whom our lives belong;
In whom the earth rejoices,
With loud and ardent song.
Our numerous sins confessing,
We sue for pardoning grace,
And ask thy boundless blessing
Upon our sinful race.

2

Our lives in mercy lengthen,
And guide them by thy will;
The feeble purpose strengthen,
Thy gospel to fulfil.
Remember, Lord, thy preachers,
The heralds of thy truth,
And bless our faithful teachers,
The guardians of our youth.

353.

The Sabbath.

It is the *holy* Sabbath,
Which God hath set apart;
Devoted to his worship
Be every mind and heart:
A Father's wise commandment
His children should obey;
Remember, then, keep holy
The blessed, hallowed day.

2

It is the *joyful* Sabbath,—
Teachers and scholars meet;
O, with what sacred pleasure
Each other now we greet!
Devotion tunes our voices;
Our hearts with joy are full;
One prayer that joy expresses,—
God bless the Sabbath School!

3

When Sabbaths end, may teachers
And scholars meet above,
And worship there for ever
In pure and perfect love!
How *holy, peaceful, joyful,*
When all together come,—
Eternity our Sabbath,
And heaven our happy home!

354.

Hymn of Praise.

Here we will join our voices,
To praise the Saviour's name;
Each heart in him rejoices
Warm with devotion's flame.

To-day, with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw,
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2

He spreads a feast before us
No angel tastes above;
He waves his banner o'er us,
Redemption's banner, love.
He grants us heavenly treasures,
That never will decay;
He fills our souls with pleasures,
That will not waste away.

355.

Opening Hymn.

O God, our Heavenly Father!
With grateful hearts we come,
And in devotion gather
Within this hallowed room:
And while our feeble voices
Bear up the hymn to thee,
Each tender heart rejoices
In thy benignity.

2

Here may thy blessing greet us,
On this thy holy day,
And here our teachers meet us,
And point the heavenly way,—
The way of truth and duty,
Pursued by thy dear Son,—
The path of light and beauty,
Heaven's course on earth begun

3

Here, while we learn his story
Of meekness, faith, and love,
Of trials, sufferings, glory,
And endless joy above;
O Father! here endue us
With wisdom from on high;
And, as we need, renew us
In Christ-like piety.

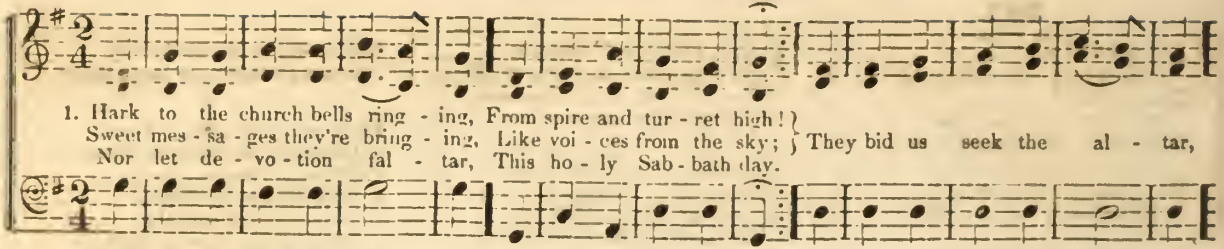
356.

Hymn of Thanks.

We come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love;
Like streams of bounty flowing,
Thy mercies from above.

2

Here, then, in childhood's morning
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth, for ever,
Shall be our only guide;
From duty's path we'll never,
O, never! turn aside.



2

Around us day and nightly,
The love of God is spread,
And through the seasons brightly,
His royal gifts are shed;
But oh! he comes not near us
'Mid pleasure's sparkling ray,
As when, in prayer, he hears us,
The holy Sabbath day.

3

Come from the home of gladness,
Where health and joy are known,
Come from the hall of sadness,
Whence every joy is flown:—
Come to the house of praises,
Let grief be charmed away,
Where hope her anthem raises,
This holy Sabbath day.

2

Though simple are our voices,
And faint our tribute song,
One truth our heart rejoices,
To Him our souls belong!
And should our Father spare us
A life of many years,
May sin nor error bear us
Within the vale of fears.

358.

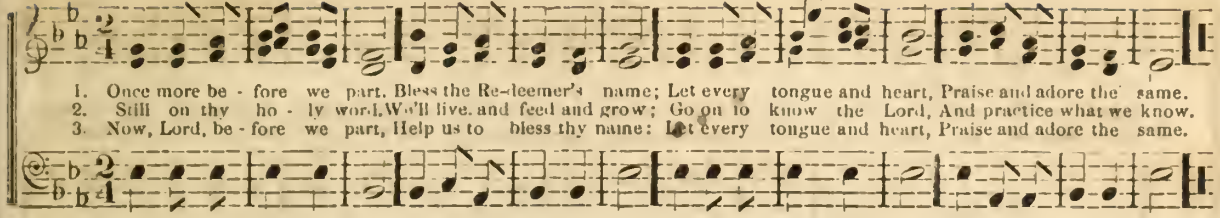
The Children in the Temple.

Within the temple holy,
Our Saviour came to pray,
And there the children lowly
Sang praises round his way;
And though he now is seated,
In glory, by the throne,
A child is not defeated
Who his dear love would own.

359.

Doxology.

To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings,
Thy wond'rous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.



361.

The Child's best Friend.

My earthly friends are kind,
And I would grateful be,
But, Jesus, who can find
A friend to equal thee?

2

Thou art the Lamb who died
A sacrifice for sin!
Thy blood, by faith applied,
Alone gives peace within.

3

And thou dost ever live
In heaven, to intercede;
All aid 'tis thine to give
In every time of need.

4

O, better far thou art
Than all I love beside;
Then, Saviour, take my heart,
And ever there reside.

362.

Sabbath School Hymn.

O Lord, lift up the light
Of thy benignant face;
Disperse our mental night,
By visions of thy grace.

2

Once more to sing thy praise,
In joyful songs of love,
We join our tuneful lays,
And lift our hearts above.

3

This day of sacred rest,
Lord, teach us how to keep,
By Thee may we be blessed,
Great Shepherd of the sheep.

4

As lambs within thy fold,
May we acknowledged be,
And sweet communion hold,
O Lord, our God with Thee.

363.

Sabbath School Instruction.

Come, let our voices join
In one glad song of praise,
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise.

2

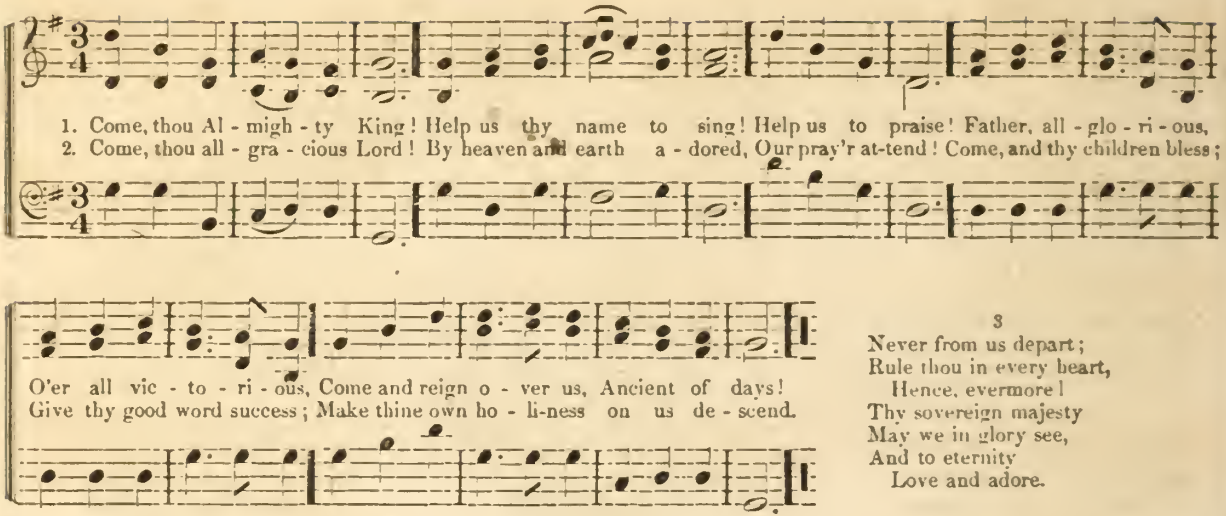
Now we are taught to read
The book of Life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine.

3

Within these hallow'd walls,
Our wand'ring feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heav'nly truths are taught

4

Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with sweet success;
May thousands yet unborn
This Institution bless.



3

Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

365.

Anniversary Hymn.

Auspicious morning, hail!
Voices from hill and vale
Thy welcome sing:
Joy on thy dawning breaks,
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

2

Long o'er our native hills,
Long by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.

3

Peace on this day abide,
From morn till even-tide;
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

366.

Opening Hymn.

Our Father, bless this hour,
Inspire us with the power
To worship Thee.
Thee would we make our choice
Raise our united voice,
Which makes our souls rejoice
In harmony.

2

Our Saviour's word invites;
His life and love delights
Our noblest thought.
May we his image bear;
The Christian armor wear,
His cross and trials share,
Which glory brought.

3

Come, blessed Spirit, come,
And make our heavenly home
Our strong desire.
May every waiting soul,
Each worldly thought control,
And reach earth's highest goal,
Then "go up higher."

367.

Anniversary Hymn.

Loud raise the notes of joy;
Freemen, your songs employ,
As well ye may:—
Let your full hearts go out
In the exulting shout,
And with your praise devout,
Greet this glad day;

2

Children of lisping tongue,
Those whose full hearts are young
Lift up the song!
Manhood and hoary age,
Let naught your joy assuage,
In the high theme engage,
Praises prolong!

3

God of our fathers' land!
Long may our temples stand
Sacred to thee!
Let thy bright light divine
On all the people shine,
Make us forever thine,
From sin set free!

368.

Hymn of Praise.

Our Father! 'tis to thee,
Supreme in majesty!
Creation's King!
Thy children now would raise
The notes of grateful praise,
And in our feeble lays
Thy goodness sing.

2

But thanks, for more are due,
Thy glorious gospel, too,
To us is given;
May we its precepts prize,
Perform all they advise
To make us good and wise,
And fit for heaven.

369.

Opening or closing of School

Creation's sovereign Lord!
By thy glad name adored
Through earth and sky!
Here, as in youthful days
To thee we humbly raise
Songs of our grateful praise,
Holy and high!

2

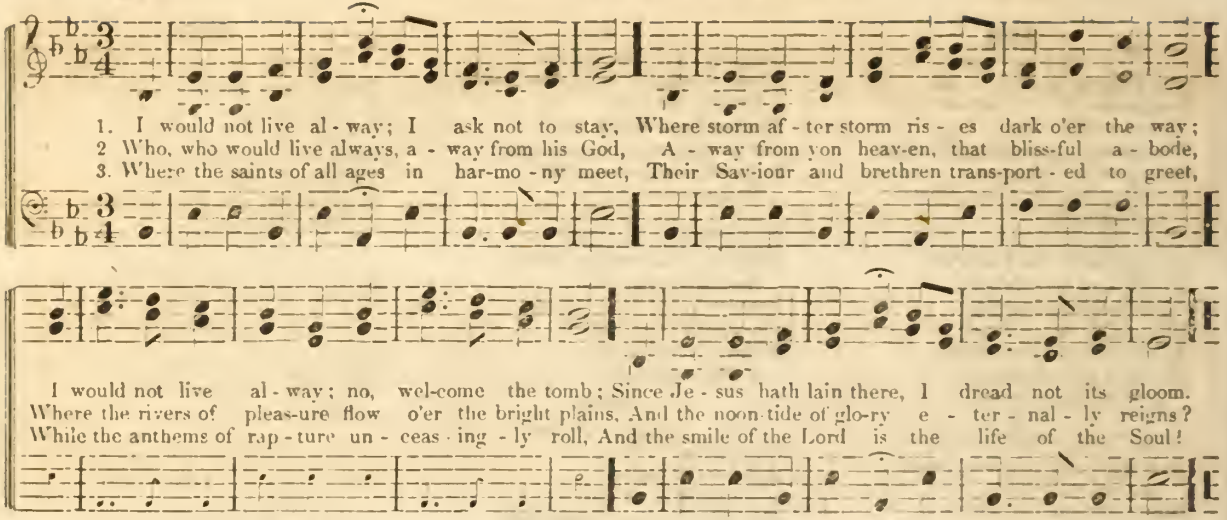
Thanks for thy light so free,
Causing our eyes to see
Thy truth and grace;
Love, that dispels our fear,
Mercy, to sinners dear,
Life, dying souls to cheer,
For all our race.

3

Thanks, that on hearts like ours
Thy loving kindness showers
Knowledge divine;
O let its influence be
Fruitful in works for thee,
Causing in purity
Our lives to shine.

4

Bless this our childhood band,
And let us ever stand
Truthful and strong;
Christians in deed and love,
Such as thou wilt approve,
Till we in worlds above
Thy praise prolong!



371.

The Sabbath.

How sweet is the Sabbath, the season of rest,
The day of the week which we surely love best!
This morning our Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2

O, let us be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play!
Remembering the Sabbath was graciously given,
To draw us from earth, and prepare us for heaven.

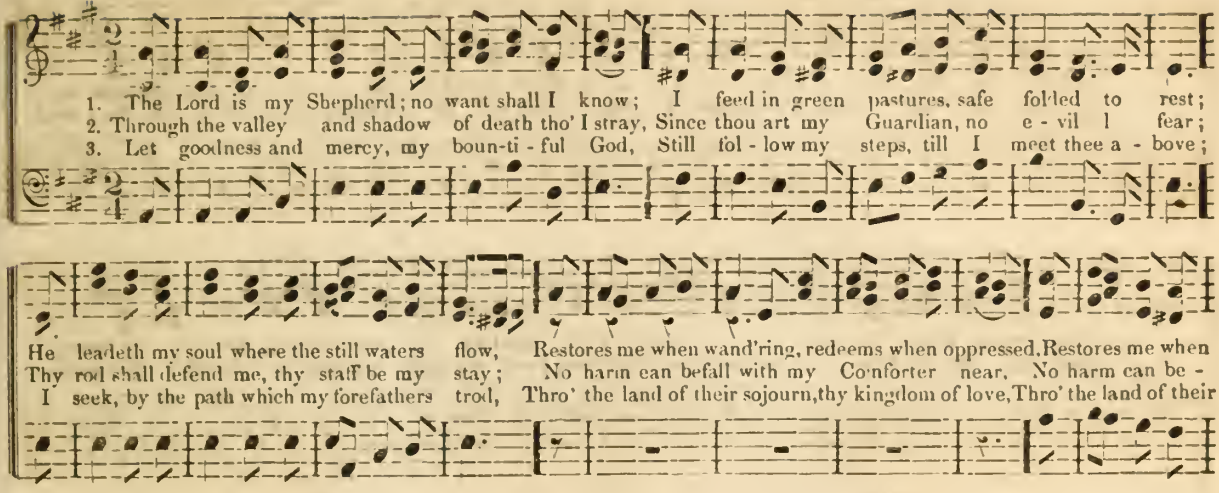
372.

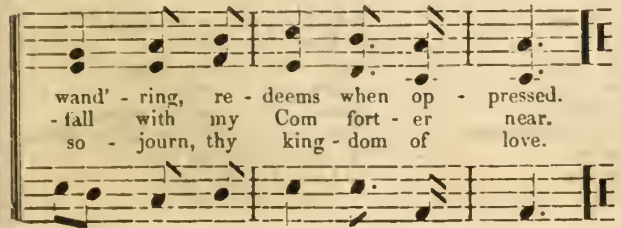
Remember thy Creator.

Acquaint yourselves early, dear children, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on your road;
And peace, like the dew-drops, shall fall on your head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit your bed.

2

Acquaint yourselves early, dear children, with God,
And he shall be with you when fears are abroad;
Your safeguard in dangers that threaten your path,
Your joy in the valley and shadow of death.





374.

The Bible, the Word of Truth.

The Bible — the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation — wide opens the door—
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.

2

The Bible — the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.



376.

Heaven.

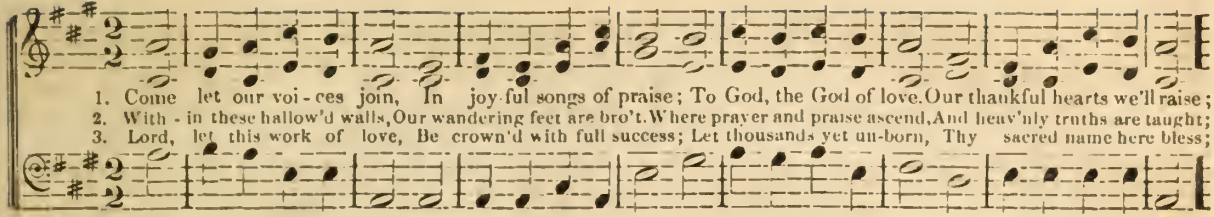
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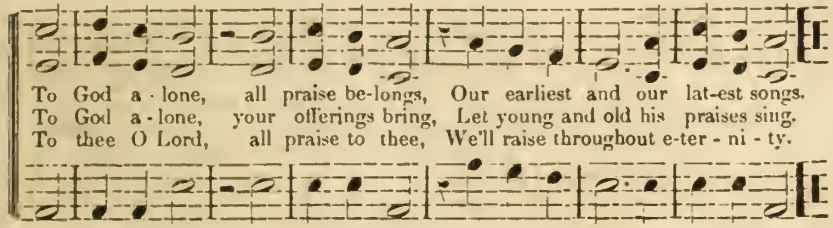
Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run:
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
 Reign evermore.

There is a happy home,
 Far, far away;
A life beyond the tomb,
 Bright, endless day;
There we may happy be,
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
In peace and purity,
 Blest, blest for aye.

2

"Come to this happy home,"
 Hear Jesus say;
Jesus bids children come,
 He leads the way:
Come, quickly, swiftly move,
Towards your Father's house above,
There to enjoy his love,
 Love, love for aye.





378.

Doxology.

Glory to God on high!
Forever bless his name;
Let earth, and seas, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim;
To him be praise | By all on earth,
And glory given, | And all in heaven.

379.

Example of Early Piety.

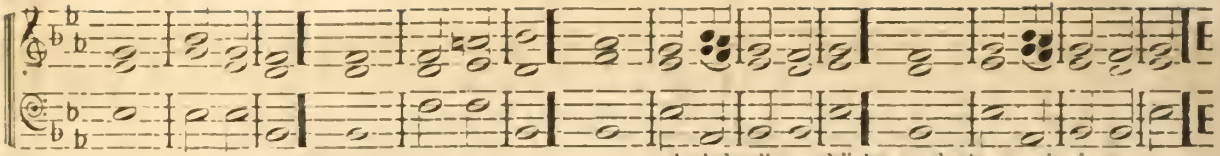
When little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice:
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

2

If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy should I be,
O, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then would fear,
If God almighty were so near.

3

And does he never speak?
O yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.



1. CHILDREN.

"I hear thee speak of that better land,
Thou call'st its children a | happy | band:
Teacher, O where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and | weep no | more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies | glance thro' the | myrtle | boughs?"

TEACHER.

"Not there, my | child, not there, | my child!"

2. CHILDREN.

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er the | sands of | gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the | secret | mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand;
Is it there, dear | teacher,— that | better land?"

TEACHER.

"Not there, my | child, not there, | my child!

3. TEACHER.

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle child,
Ear hath not heard its sweet | songs so | mild;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not | enter | there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Far beyond the | clouds, and be- | yond the | tomb,
It is there, my | child, it is | there, my | child!"

CHANT No. 2. Teacher. **381.** Children. PRAISE TO GOD.



1. T. Children, why are praises given
To our Father, | God, a- | bove?

C. Teacher, he who reigns in heaven,
Made us,— | saves us | by his | love.

2. T. Children, do you not desire
Greater joy than | praising | brings?

C. Teacher, no, our hearts aspire
To adore the King of kings!

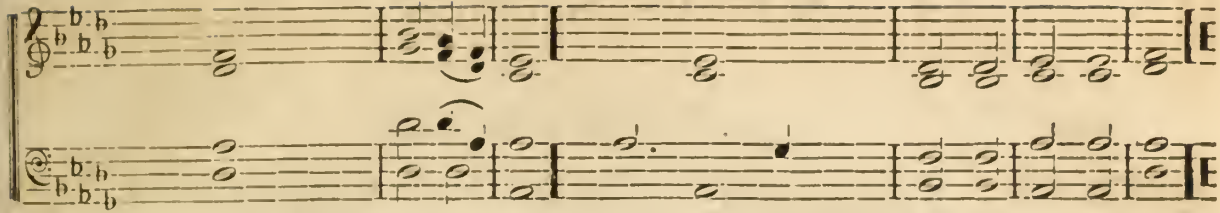
3. T. Children, do you wish to know
All his truth, and | learn his | ways?

C. Teacher, yes, our feet would go
To the | temple | of his | praise.

4. T. Children, when our praise below
Ceases, shall it | rise a- | gain?

C. Teacher, yes, to heaven we go—
There in | God's own | love to | reign

CHORUS. Teacher, yes, to heaven we go—
There in | God's own | love to | reign



1

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the | wide world | through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And | tell them | to be | true.

2

I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human | heart might | be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the | right—in | blame .. of the | wrong.

3

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the | wings .. of the | air:
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To | save them | from de- | spair.

4

I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy | sunlight | down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them | to look | up a- | gain.

5

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the | earth a- | round;
And wherever man unto error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The | Truth's most | joyful | sound.

6

I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my | world-wide | way.
Bidding the saddened ones rejoice—
If I were a | voice—an im- | mortal | voice.

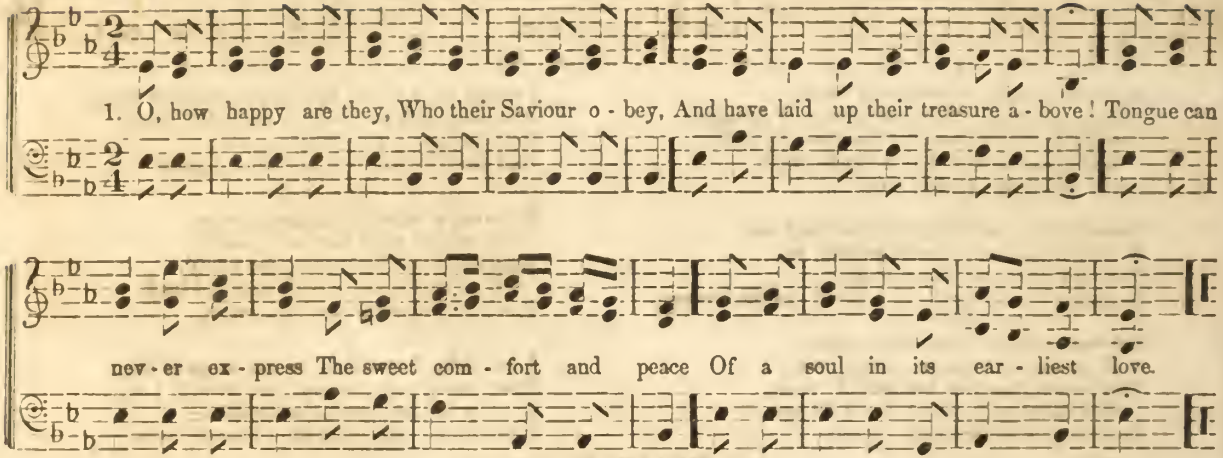
383. DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

1 Do what is right, for the day dawn is breaking,
Hailing a future of | freedom .. and | light;
Angels above you are silent notes taking
Of every | action; then | do what is | right.

2 Do what is right; be thou faithful and fearless;
Onward! press onward; the | goal is in | sight,
Eyes that are wet very soon will be tearless.
Blessings a- | wait you in | doing the | right.

APPENDIX.

384. O, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

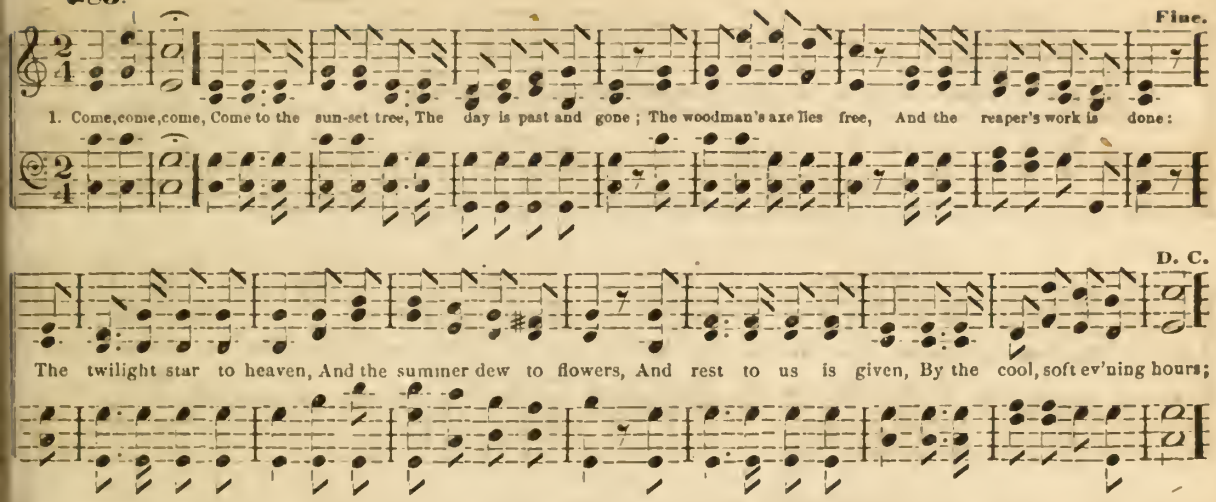


2 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

3 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O, that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

4 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the goodness of God.

385.



2

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;
When the burthen and the heat,
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, come, &c.

3

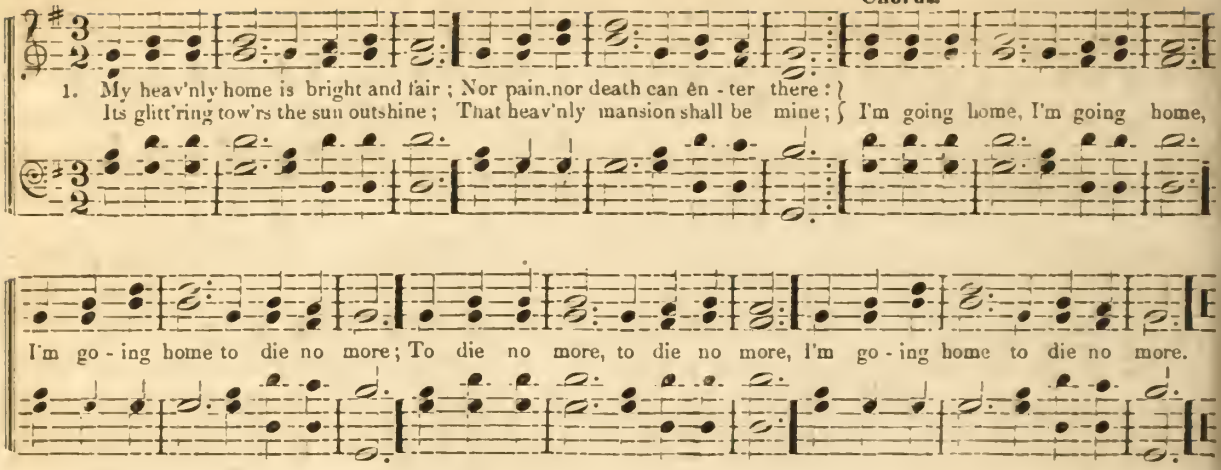
Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whisp'ring boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows;
But rest more sweet and still,
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, come, &c.

4

There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noontide heat,
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wand'ring feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God!
Come, come, come, &c.

386. I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

Arranged from an Old Melody.



2

My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky :
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, &c.

3

Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine the happier lot to own.
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.

4

Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

387.

I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes ;
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
I'm going home, &c.

2

Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still,
Through dangers thick and sin's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
I'm going home, &c.

3

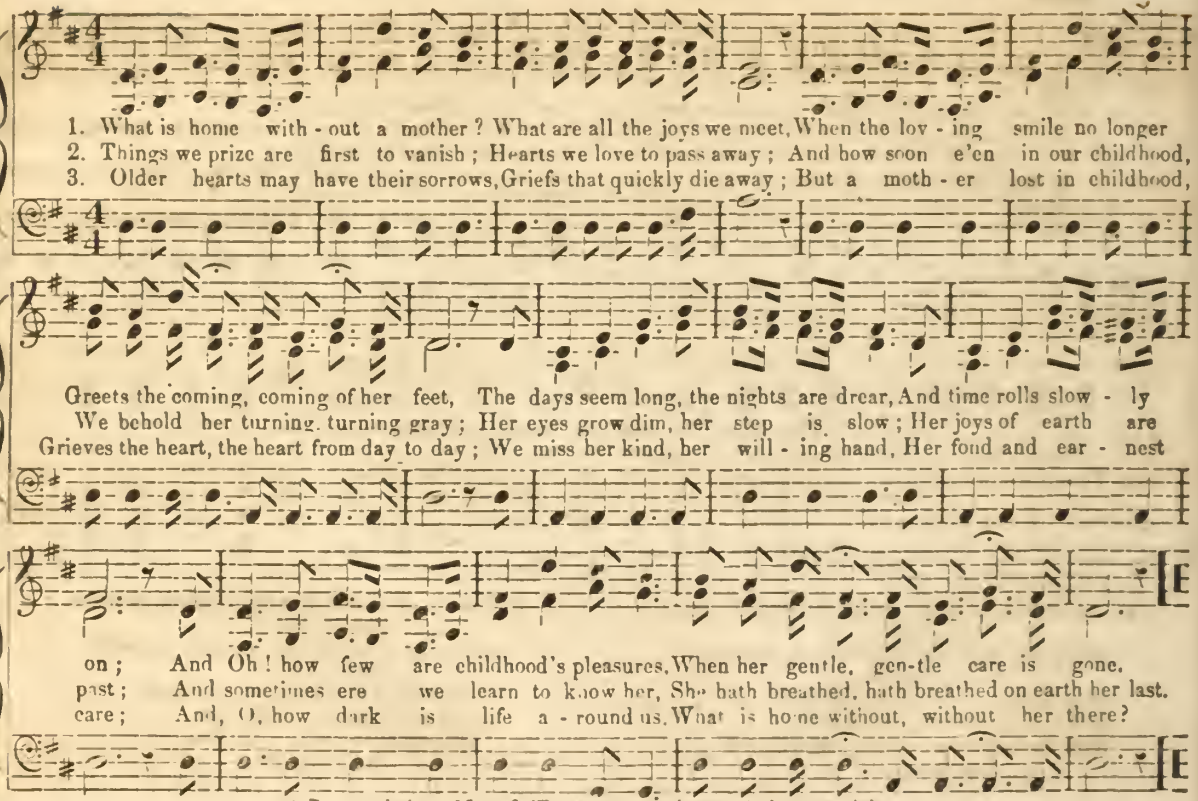
Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's my Saviour, Friend and King ;
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, 'Press on, for here's the crown.'
I'm going home, &c.



4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is Love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is Love!
That God is Love I know full well;
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell;
God is Love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is Love!
And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure;
God is Love!
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,—
God is Love!

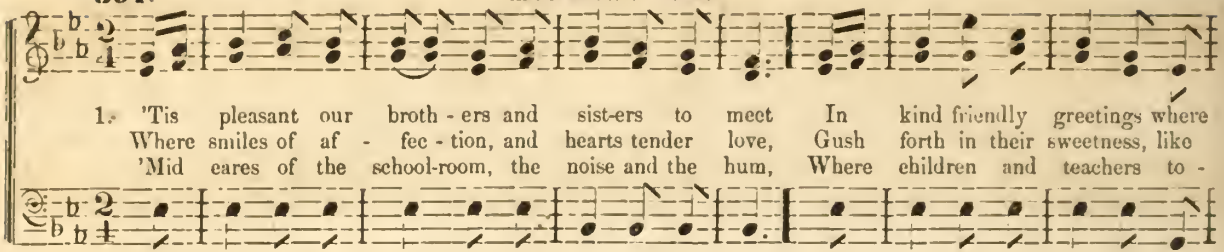
ALICE HAWTHORNE

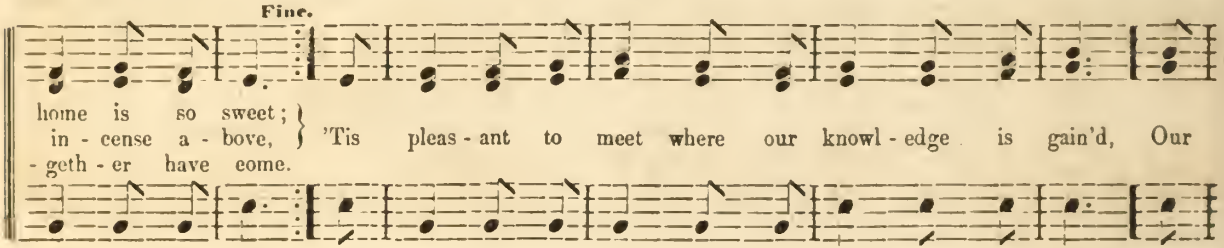


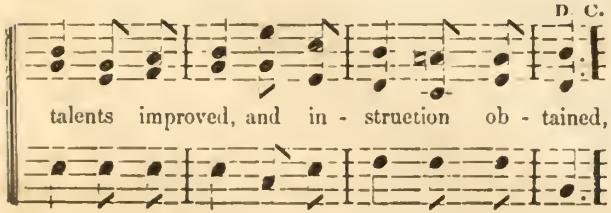
ission of LEE & WALKER, proprietors of the copy right.


1. Home a - gain, Home a - gain, from a foreign shore; And oh! it fills my soul with
2. Hap - py hearts, Happy hearts, with mine have laughed in glee, But oh! the friends I loved in
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, lin - gers round the place. And oh! I feel the childhood
Fine.
joy, To meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the part - ing tear, To
youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me, And if my guide should be the fate Which
charm, That time can - not ef - face; Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll
D. C.
cross the ocean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those, Who kindly greet me home.
bids me lon - ger roam, But death a - lone can break the tie, That binds my heart to home.
ask no palace dome, For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.
D. C.

391. ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

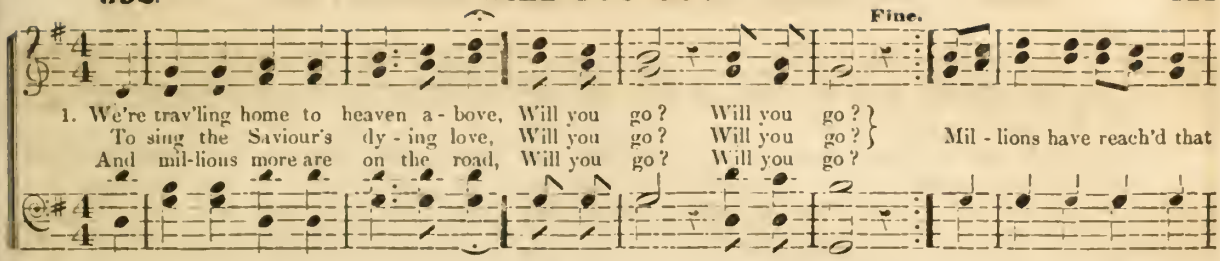






2

'Tis pleasant to gather in our Sunday School class,
The happiest hour in the week that we pass:
For there we are taken by the hand of a friend,
Who leads to instruction that never will end,
On this blest occasion, where once in a year,
The day of our school-birth we celebrate here;
We meet with true pleasure, united to raise,
The song of thanksgiving, of prayer and of praise.



2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go? &c.
In rapturous strains to praise his name, Will you go? &c.
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
The crown of life we there shall wear, Will you go? &c.

3 We're going to join the Heavenly Choir, Will you go. &c.
To raise our voice and tune the lyre: Will you go? &c.
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring, Will you go? &c.

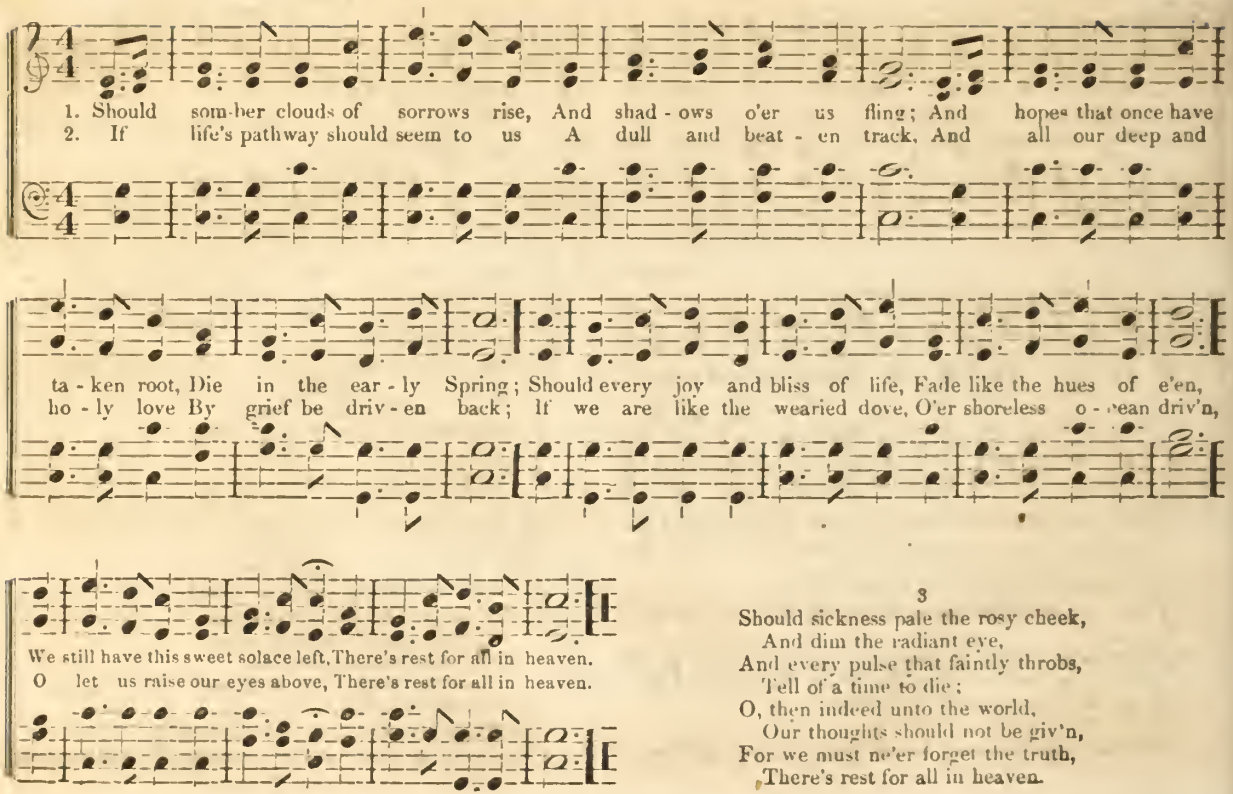
4 The way to Heaven is free for all, Will you go? &c.
For Jew and Gentile, great and small, Will you go? &c.
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start. Will you go? &c.

393.

Invitation of Jesus.

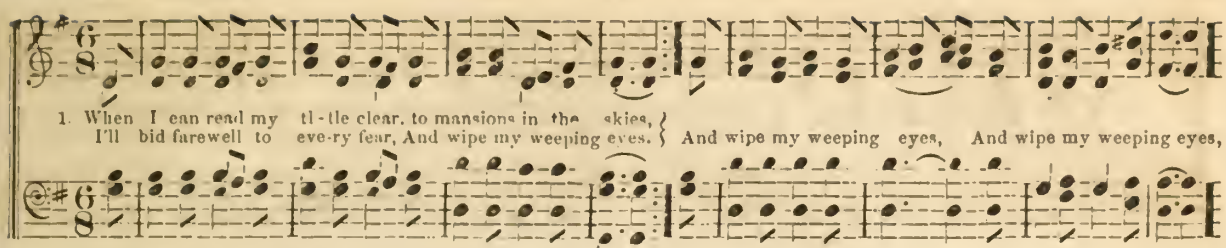
1 Come unto me, the Saviour cries,
Children come! children come!
Flee folly's path; be early wise;
O, now come! O, now come!
Sit at my feet, and learn of me,
Patient and meek, and lowly be;
Deny yourselves and follow me,—
Children come! children come!

2 Yes, blessed Saviour, at thy call
We will come! we will come!
To follow thee, forsaking all;
Now we come! now we come!
Implant thy Spirit in each heart,
Thy truth and love, and peace impart!
Thus to be with thee where thou art, We will come, &c

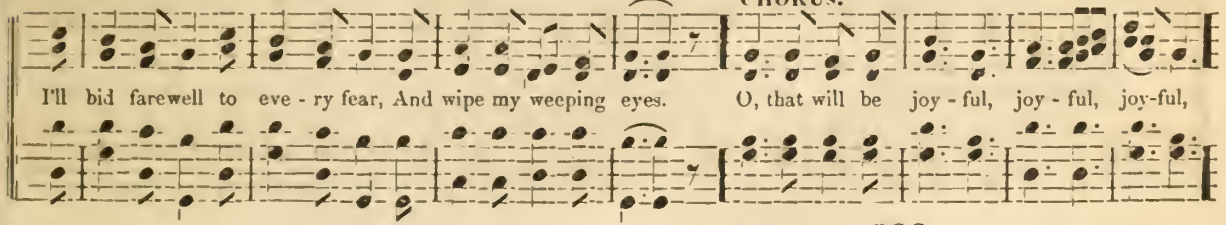


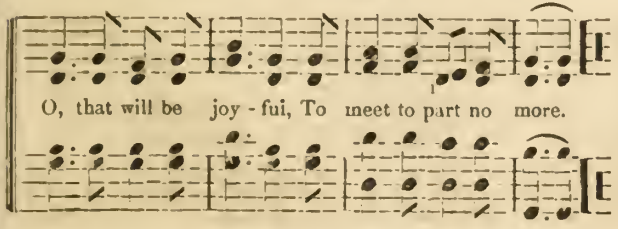
3

Should sickness pale the rosy cheek,
And dim the radiant eye,
And every pulse that faintly throbs,
Tell of a time to die;
O, then indeed unto the world,
Our thoughts should not be giv'n,
For we must ne'er forget the truth,
There's rest for all in heaven.



CHORUS.





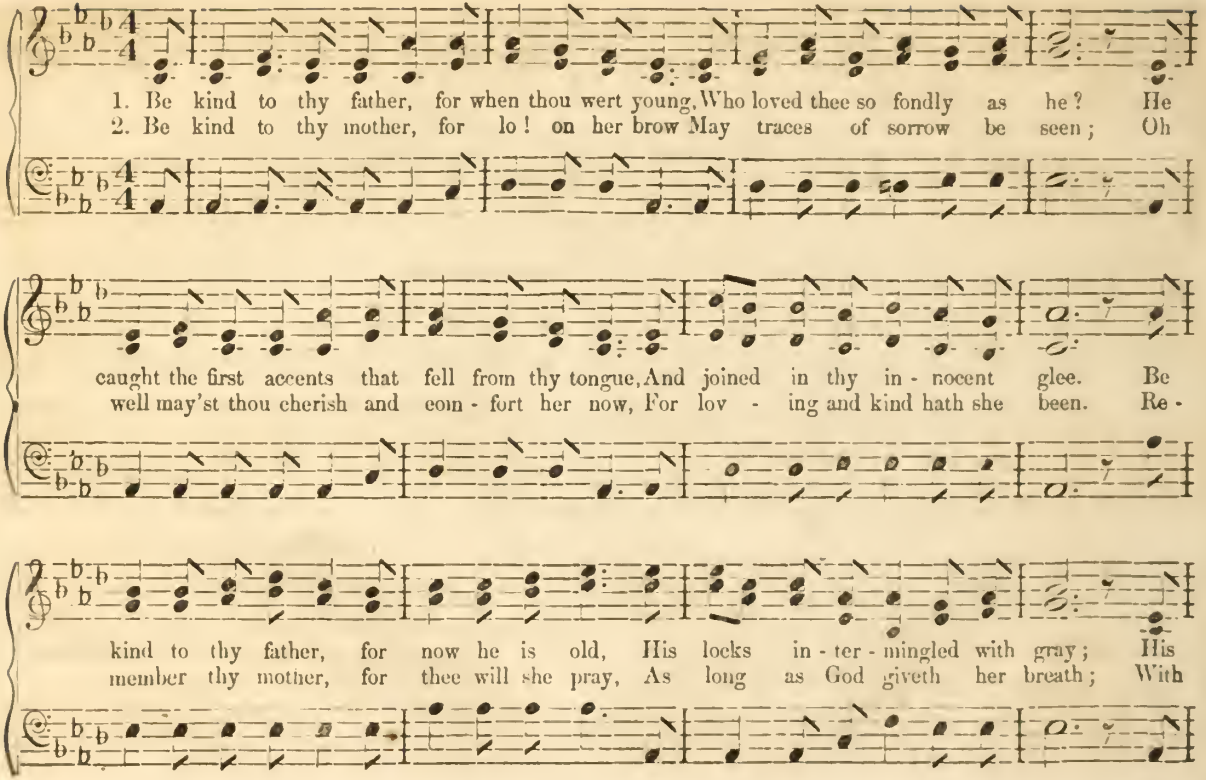
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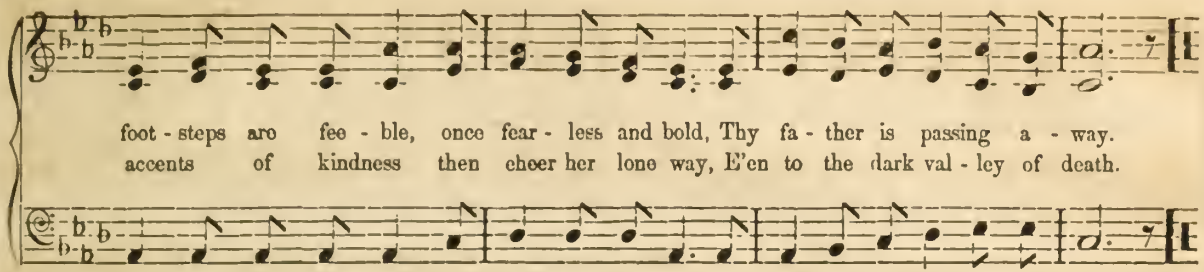
The full Assurance of Hope.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven. O that will be, &c.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.

L. B. WOODBURY.


1. Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fondly as he? He
2. Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow May traces of sorrow be seen; Oh
caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - nocent glee. Be
well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re -
kind to thy father, for now he is old, His locks in - ter - mingled with gray; His
member thy mother, for thee will she pray, As long as God giveth her breath; With

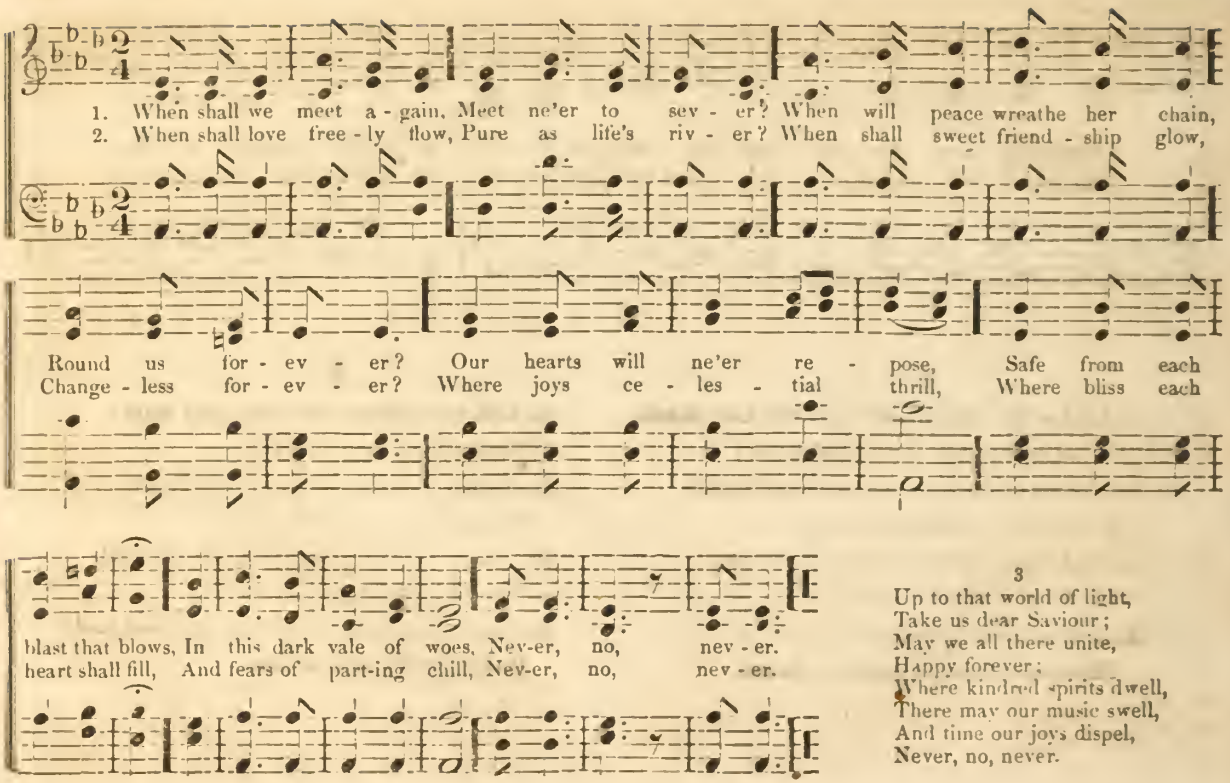


3

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone,
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4

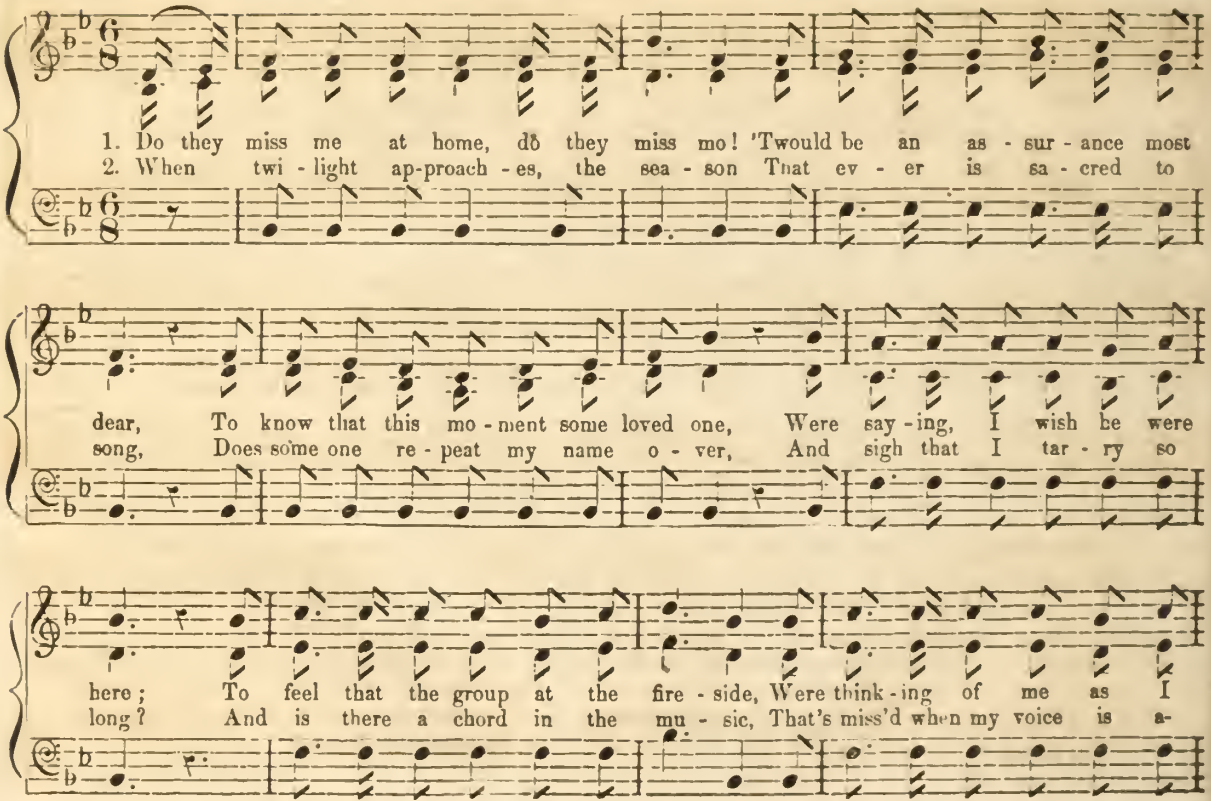
Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.



3

Up to that world of light,
Take us dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never.


1. I have seen a fragrant flow-er, All impearled with morn - ing dew; I have
2. So the heart, when crush'd by sorrow, Sends its richest streams a - broad, While it
pluck'd it from the bow-er, Where in love - li - ness it grew, O, 'twas sweet, when gay-ly vy - ing,
learns sweet balm to borrow From th' up - lift - ed hand of God, Not in sun - ny days of gladness,
With the garden's rich - est bloom; But when fad-ed, withered, dy - ing, Sweeter far its choice perfume.
Will the heart be fixed on Heaven; When 'tis wounded, clothed in sad - ness, Oft its rich - est love is given.


1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me! 'Twould be an as - sur - ance most
2. When twi - light ap-proach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to
dear, To know that this mo - ment some loved one, Were say - ing, I wish he were
song, Does some one re - peat my name o - ver, And sigh that I tar - ry so
here; To feel that the group at the fire - side, Were think - ing of me as I
long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic, That's miss'd when my voice is a-

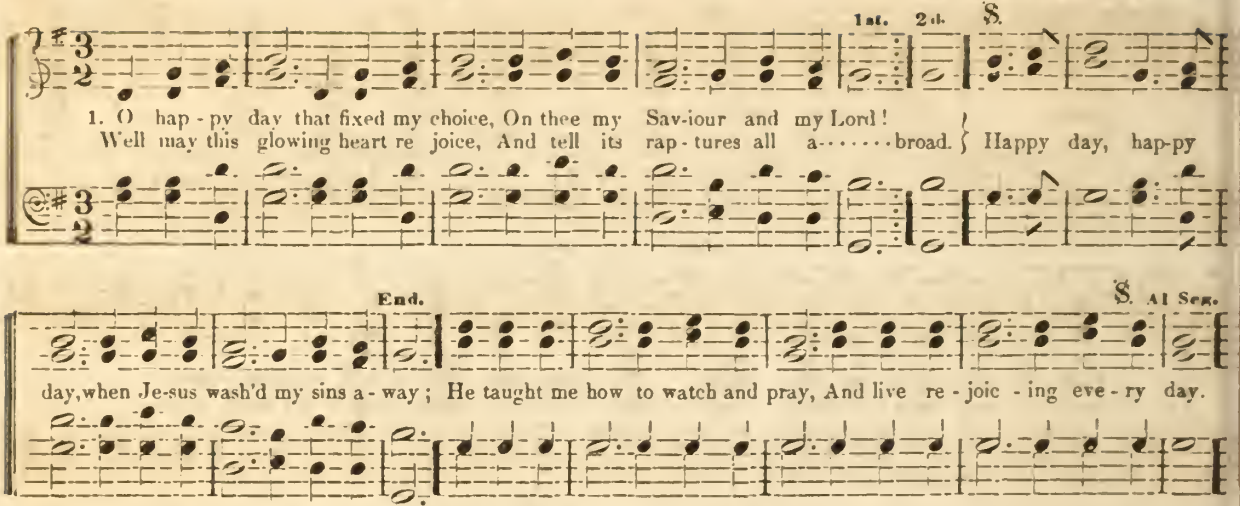


3 Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the good night's are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good night," while they weep?
A whispered "good night," &c

4 Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?
Because I am, &c.

401. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

From Wesleyan Sacred Harp.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, &c.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.

402.

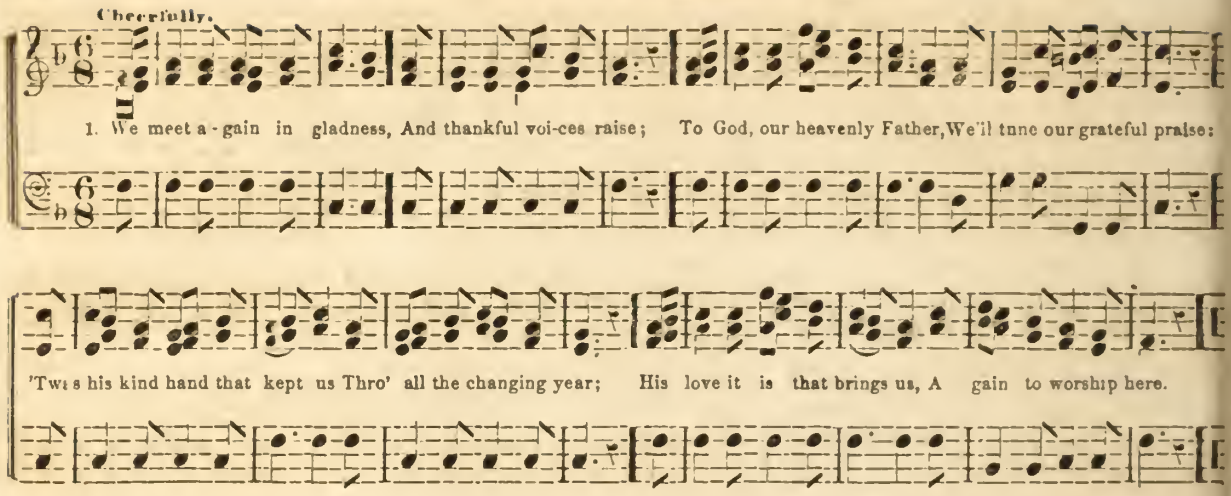
Rest.

1 My opening eyes with rapture see,
The dawn of this returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
Happy day, &c.

2 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal tho't away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, thro' all the day.
Happy day, &c.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,—
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.
Happy day, &c.


1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove; Beau - ti - ful ci - ty that I love; Beau - ti - ful gates of
2. Beau - ti - ful light with - out the sun; Beau - ti - ful day re - volv - ing on; Beau - ti - ful worlds on
3. Beau - ti - ful crowns on eve - ry brow! Beau - ti - ful palms the conquerors show! Beau - ti - ful robes the
pear - ly white; Beau - ti - ful temple, God its light! Beau - ti - ful trees for - ev - er there; Beau - ti - ful
worlds un - told; Beau - ti - ful streets of shin - ing gold! Beau - ti - ful heaven, where all is light; Beau - ti - ful
ransomed wear; Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there; Beau - ti - ful throne for God the Lamb; Beau - ti - ful
Beau - ti - ful
fruits they al - ways bear; Beautiful riv - ers gli - ding by; Beau - tiful fountains nev - er dry!
angels clothed in white; Beautiful songs that nev - er tire; Beau - tiful harps through all the choir!
seats at God's right hand; Beautiful rest; all wanderings cease; Beau - tiful home of per - fect peace.



2

We'll thank him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book that we love best—
For Sabbath schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3

We'll thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod—
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4

Soon may thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to thy command.
Send forth the gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

405.

For a Sabbath School Excursion.

Away, dull care and sorrow!
Here is no place for you;
Let labor come to-morrow,
This day to joy is due.
Bright youth and rosy childhood,
With jocund hearts now meet,
All in the fragrant wild wood,
For song and pastime sweet.

2

Green wave the broad oaks o'er us,
Fresh blooms the sward around;
And silver streams before us,
Glide on with merry sound;
Each plant and flower rejoices,
The wild birds tune their lay,
And call us with glad voices,
To be as free as they.

3

On mossy banks reclining,
In glen, or dingle deep,
We'll watch the sunbeam shining,
Where shaded waters sleep;
O'er hill and valley ranging,
With eager step and light,
Behold their beauties changing,
Dream-like upon the sight.

4

Yet, Father! rich as floweth
Thy love where'er we look,
More bright and pure it gloweth
Within thy Holy Book;
May we, that love embracing,
On earth its praises tell:
Then, all its wonders tracing,
In heaven forever dwell.

406.

Independence.

We come, with joy and gladness,
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled in our lays;
For, 'tis a hallowed story,
This theme of freedom's birth:
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

2

The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear—
Proud men shall rule no longer,
For God the Lord is near:
And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

3

And then shall sink the mountains,
Where pride and pow'r are crown'd,
And peace, like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.
O God! we would adore thee.
And in thy shadow rest;
Our fathers bowed before thee,
And trusted, and were blessed.

407.

For a Rural Excursion.

With joy once more we hail thee,
O lovely rural scene!
Thy groves, and fields, and woodlands,
Thy garb of cheerful green!
How pure the crys'tal fountain!
How clear the purling rills!
How sweet the tufted flow'rets,
That blossom on the hills!

2

Here, at the morn's awaking,
The tuneful, gladsome lay,
By nature's chorus chanted,
Salutes the welcome day;
And midst the sun's bright glowing,
Till evening's dewy fall,
In tones of mellow sweetness,
The birds to worship call.

3

We love, in blest communion,
To seek this rural shade,
Where nature's true devotion
To nature's God is paid.
And here, as we are musing,
We think of scenes above,
Where smiles, like those of summer,
No change can e'er remove.


1. 'Mid p'easures and pal - a - ces, tho,' we may roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home;
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my low-ly thatched cottage a - gain;
A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which, seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere;
The birds singing gai - ly, that come at my call: Give me them, sweet peace of mind dear - er than all;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

409.

Prayer, Sweet Prayer.

1

When torn is the bosom with sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2

When far from the friends we hold dearest, we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
How hurtfully pleasing 'till hallowed by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

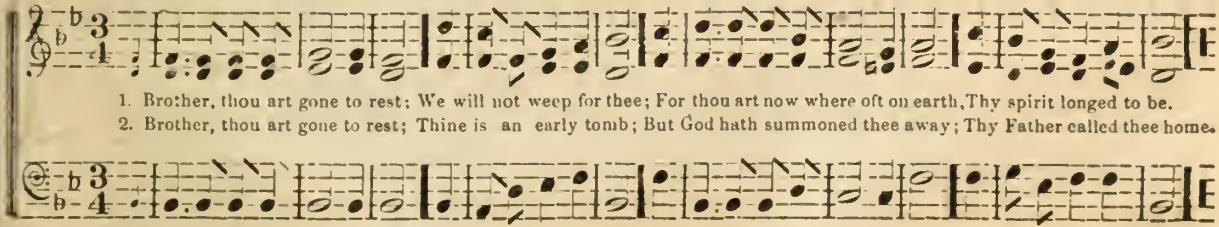
3

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms;
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
In looking to Jesus we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

4

While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heav'n pours its full streams thro' no medium but this!
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

410. BROTHER, THOU ART GONE TO REST. 7, 6s & 8. L. MARSHALL.



Words by Morris.



2

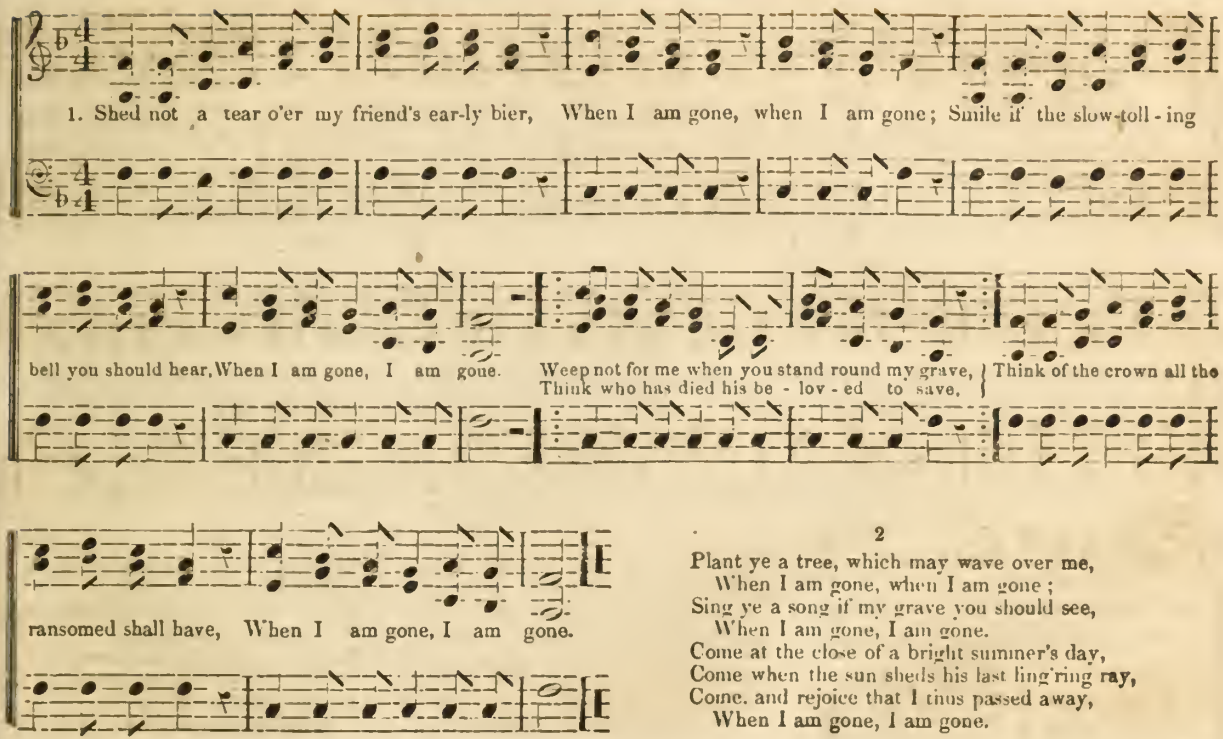
Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear—
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer.
And speak of what these pages said—
In tones my heart would thrill:
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3

My father read this holy Book
To brothers, sisters dear:
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's Word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4

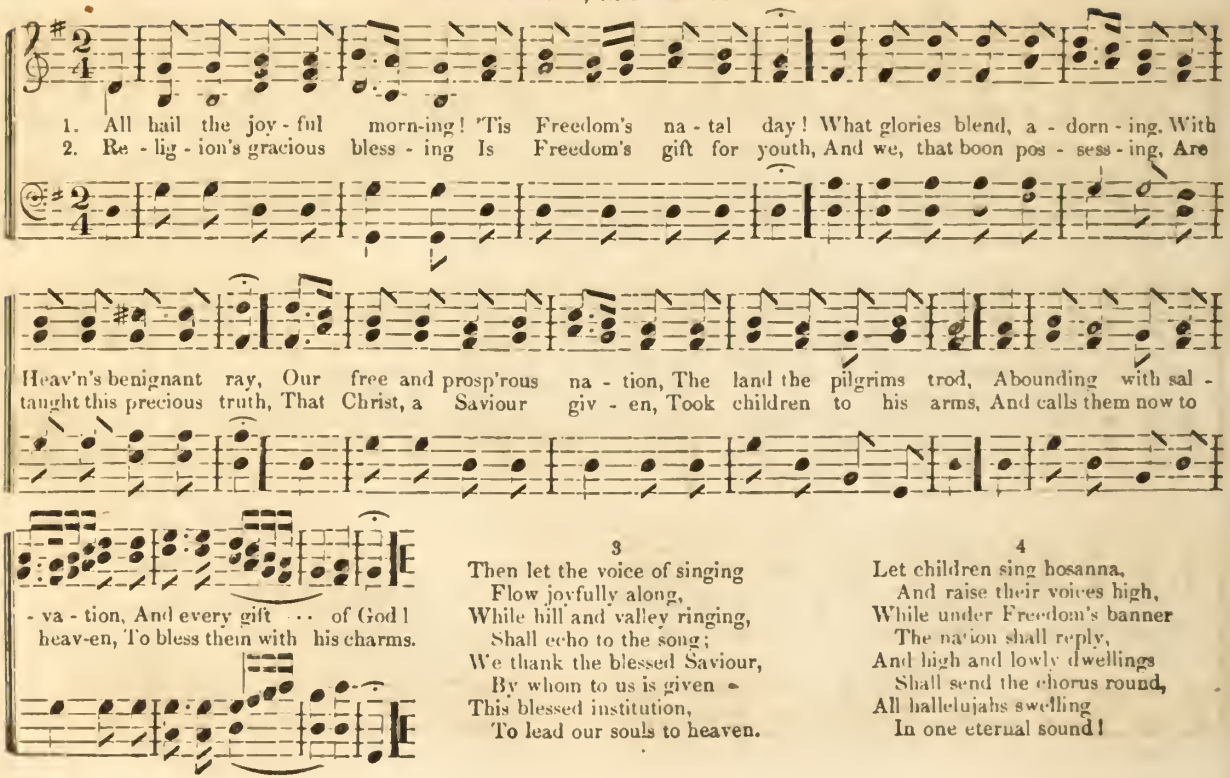
Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide!
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.



2

Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song if my grave you should see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,
Come, and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

FOURTH OF JULY, AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL



3

Then let the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
While hill and valley ringing,
Shall echo to the song;
We thank the blessed Saviour,
By whom to us is given
This blessed institution,
To lead our souls to heaven.

4

Let children sing hosanna,
And raise their voices high,
While under Freedom's banner
The nation shall reply,
And high and lowly dwellings
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

414.

"Within our sheltered home." — G. M. DOWE.

What though the tempest hovers
O'er all the darkened sky?
And storm-clouds swift are gath'ring,
The shrill winds whistling by? —
We fear not what is passing —
Let storm and tempest come;
No chilly blasts will reach us,
Within our sheltered home!

2

The sighing trees are bending,
To meet the rattling blast; —
While, on the wings of North-wind
The rain is driving fast —
Ah! let us well remember,
The sorrowing ones who roam,
While we sit all together
Within our sheltered home!

3

All hearts in joy and gladness,
Should ever upward move;
To thank that Heavenly Parent
For all his care and love!
Then, come ye manly brothers,
Kind sisters too, will come,
And sing one loud Thanksgiving
Within our sheltered home!

415.

Temperance Anniversary.

A glorious day is breaking
Upon our sinful earth;
Our land to life is waking,
With shouts of joy and mirth;
Our army is preparing
To meet the rising sun,
On all its banners bearing
The name of WASHINGTON!

2

We meet to-day in gladness:
As moves our host along,
No note of painful sadness
Is mingled with our song;
This day, renowned in story,—
The day of Freedom's birth,—
We hail in all its glory;
We highly prize its worth.

3

The temp'rance flag is waving
O'er valley, hill, and plain,
Where ocean's sons are braving
The dangers of the main;
The pledge, the pledge is given
To float on every breeze:
Waft it, propitious Heaven!
O'er all the earth and seas.

4

Our cause, our cause is gaining
New laurels every day;
The youthful mind we're training
To walk in virtue's way;
Old age, and sturdy manhood,
Are with us heart and hand—
Then let us, all united,
In one firm phalanx stand.

416.

Sabbath School Celebration.

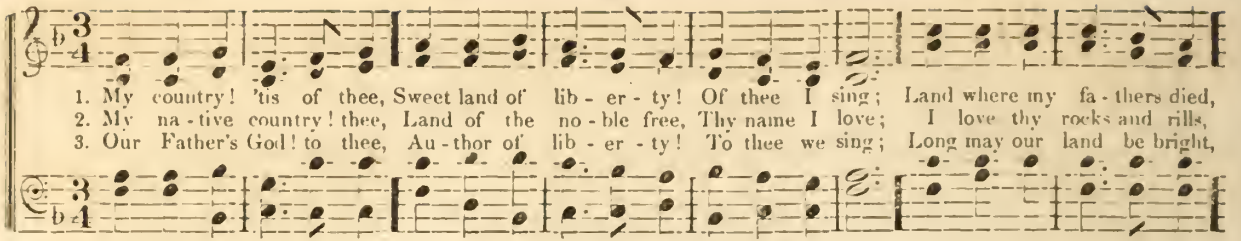
To thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise:
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2

Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood:
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3

And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine





2

We came to taste that love,
Which flows from Thee above,
On all around:
Our spirits full of glee,
Panting for liberty,
Seeking in scenes so free
The joy we've found.

3

Aid us, great God! to be
True to ourselves and thee,
Where'er we go;—
And on whatever page
We read from youth to age,
Let us with zeal engage,
Thy will to know.

4

And when the fields of heaven
Are to the faithful given,
In joy to roam:
O then the blissful throng,
May we be found among,
Raising the grateful song
Of praise—at home.

418.

Rural Celebration.

Our Father, nature's God!
At whose controlling nod,
These hills uprose:—
These groves and valleys fair,
Each breeze of fragrant air,
These buds and flowers so rare,
Thy love disclose.

419.

School Dedication.

We gladly come to-day,
And willing vows we pay
In learning's fane;
For here we all may meet,
And joyful songs repeat,
While accents soft and sweet,
Unite the strain.

2

We dedicate these halls,
Where duty gently calls,
To love and truth;
The hours shall joyful flee,
We here will happy be,
And happy teachers see,
To guide our youth.

3

Long may these halls remain,
That thousands here may gain
The radiant boon;
So science shall unite
With truth's effulgent light,
And every soul invite
To endless noon.

420.

Children's Hymn.

Let the still air rejoice,
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one;
While we renew our strain,
To him, with joy, again,
Who sends the evening rain
And morning sun.

2

His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill;
Springs! which our footsteps meet,
Fountains! our lips to greet,
Waters! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.

3

Each summer bird that sings,
Drinks from dear nature's springs,
Her early dew;
And the refreshing shower
Falls on each herb and flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.

4

So let each faithful child,
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth:
Then shall the song we raise,
Be heard in future days,
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.

421.

Dedication of a School.

Raise the adoring song!
Praises to God belong,
In this glad hour!
He who from worlds on high,
Spreads over earth and sky,
Proofs of his majesty,
Goodness and power!

2

Praise, that Instruction's voice
Bids the young heart rejoice
In this fair land;
Praise, that the humbled mind,
Wisdom's true light may find,
Ground on which all inclined,
Freely may stand.

3

Source of all holiness!
With thy rich favor bless
This house of thine;
Here be true knowledge sought,
Here purest wisdom taught,
Wisdom with Freedom fraught,
Freedom divine!

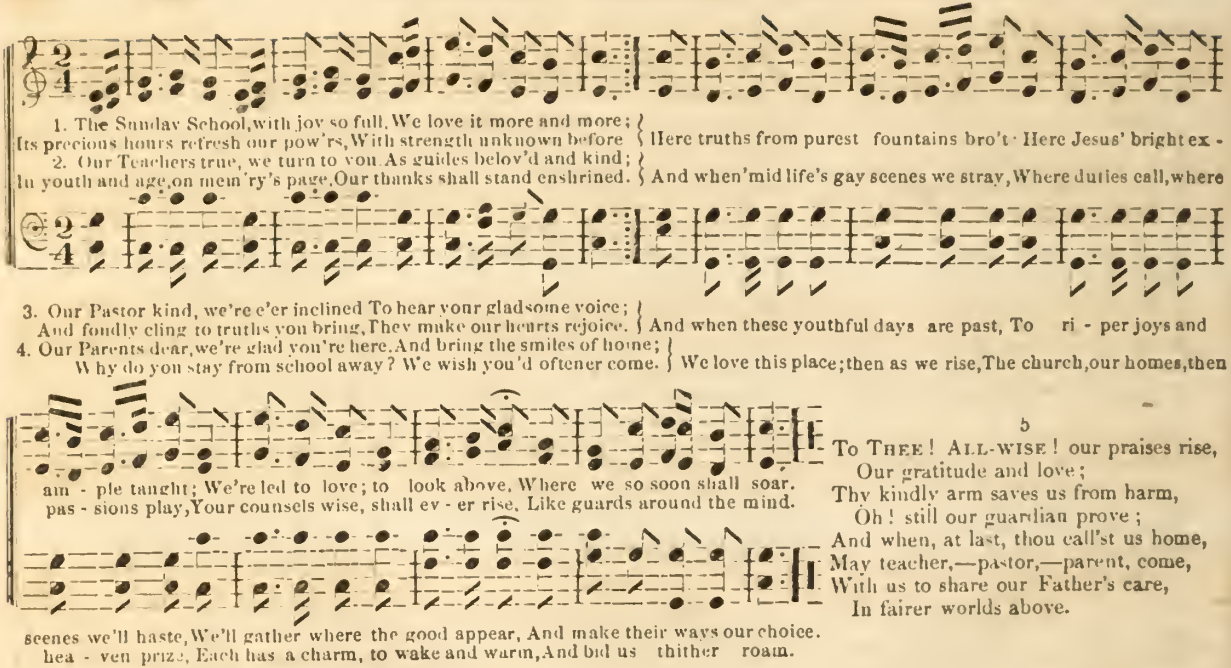
422.

Praise ye Jehovah's Name.

Praise ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;—
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2

Now let the trumpet raise,
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame;
Then let the harp be found;
Organ, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.



5

To THEE! ALL-WISE! our praises rise,
Our gratitude and love;
Thy kindly arm saves us from harm,
Oh! still our guardian prove;
And when, at last, thou call'st us home,
May teacher,—pastor,—parent, come,
With us to share our Father's care,
In fairer worlds above.

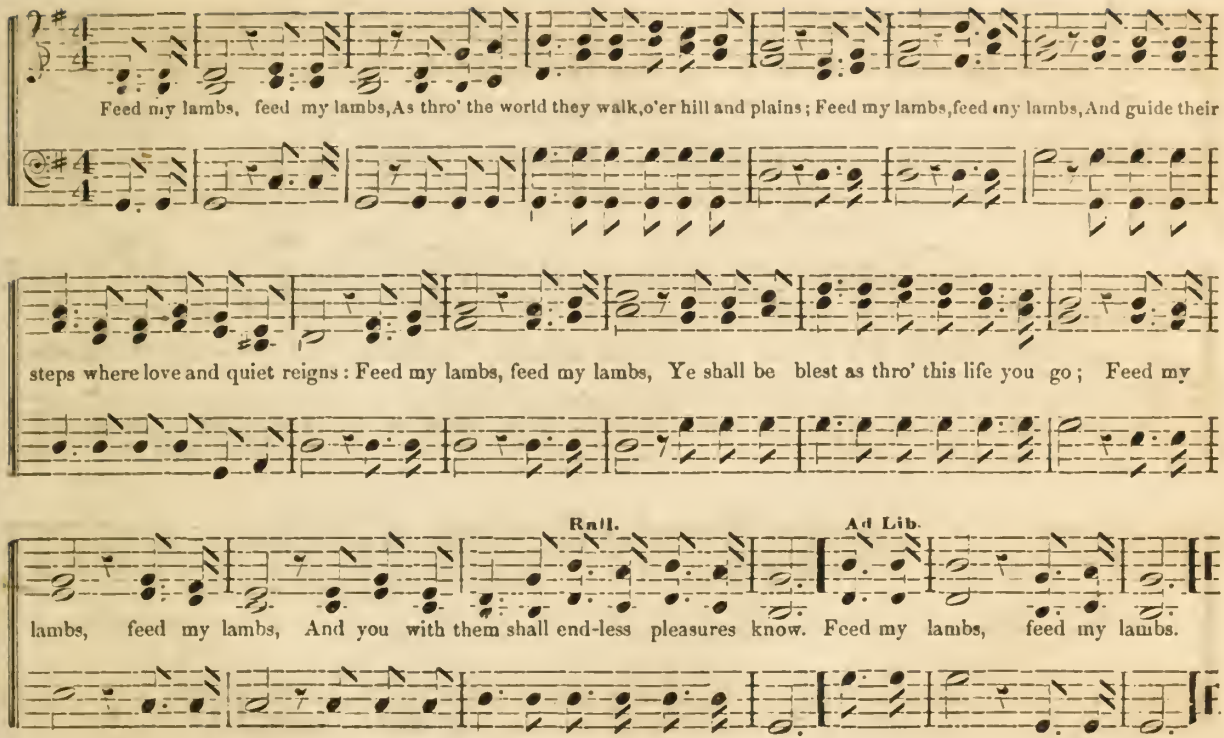
424.

Opening Hymn.

Away from home to school we come,
Upon this holy day:
In faith and love, we look above,
And humbly praise and pray;
O let this hour to God be given!
Let every heart be raised to heaven!
And, while in youth, we learn the truth,
May we the truth obey!

2

Our teachers dear, we meet you here,
And share your faithful care;
O may each heart its thanks impart
In grateful, earnest prayer;
That God may crown with joys above,
Your patient toils and works of love,
And that at last life's changes past,
We all may meet you there.


Feed my lambs, feed my lambs, As thro' the world they walk, o'er hill and plains; Feed my lambs, feed my lambs, And guide their
steps where love and quiet reigns: Feed my lambs, feed my lambs, Ye shall be blest as thro' this life you go; Feed my
Rall.
Ad Lib.
lambs, feed my lambs, And you with them shall end-less pleasures know. Feed my lambs, feed my lambs.

426. CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

L. O EMERSON.

Solo. Alto.

Je-sus said, suffer lit-tle children to come unto me, Suffer lit-tle children to come unto me, And forbid them

not, and for-bid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heaven. Duet. *p* Je-sus said, *m* Je - sus said, *mf* Je - sus said,

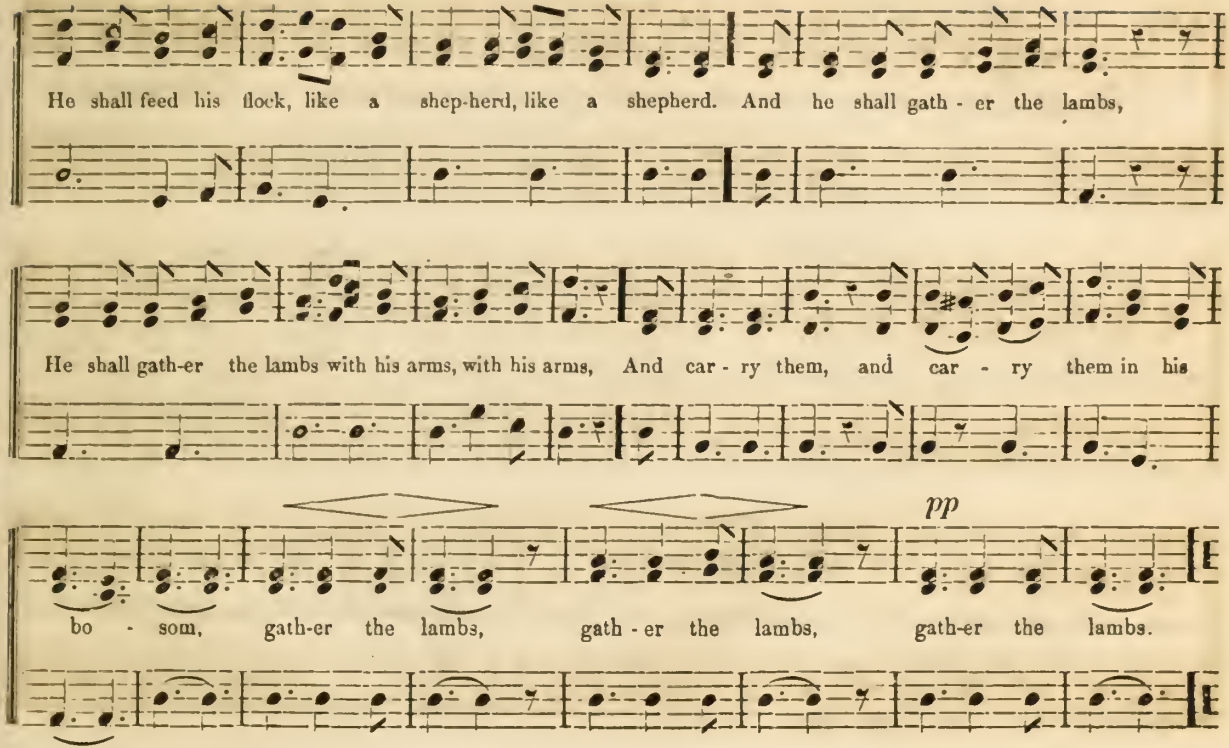
suffer lit - tle children to come unto me, And for - bid them not, and forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of

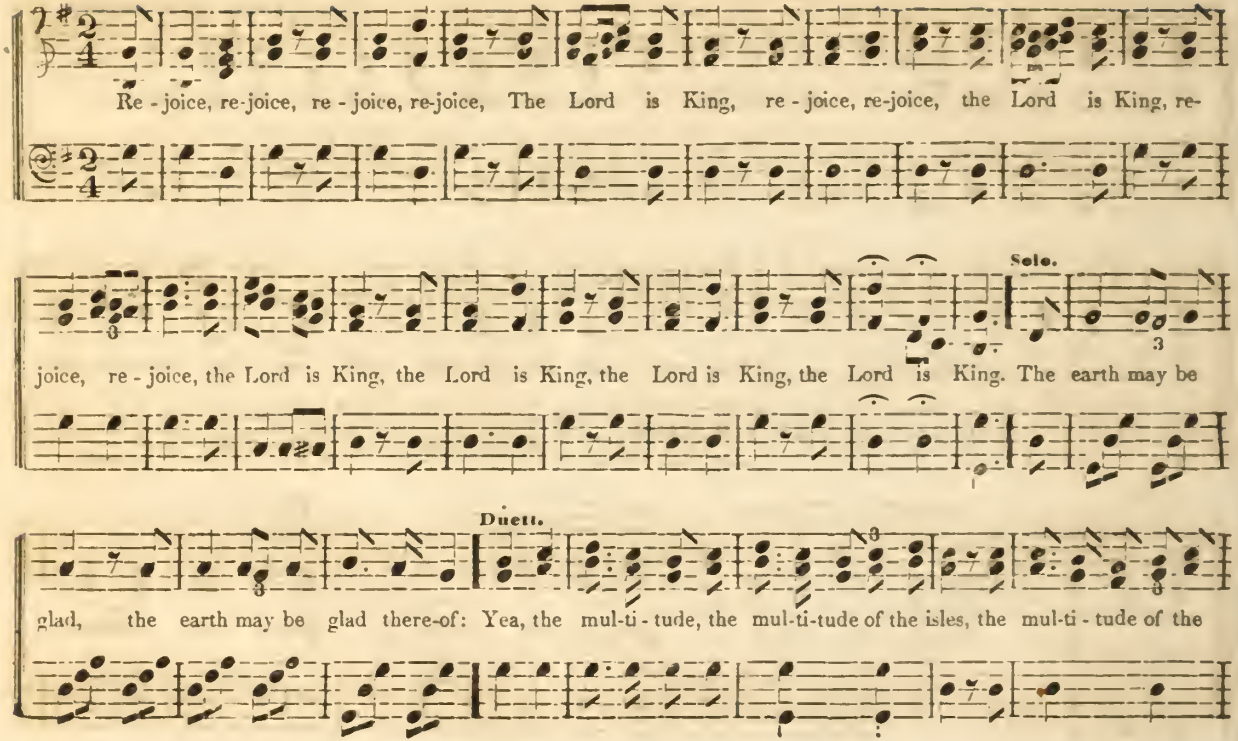

heaven. Suf-fer lit-tle children to come un-to me, And for-bid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
CHORUS.
Je-sus said, Je-sus said, Suffer lit-tle children to come un-to me, Suffer lit-tle chil-dren to
Cres.
come un-to me, and for-bid them not, and for-bid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
101

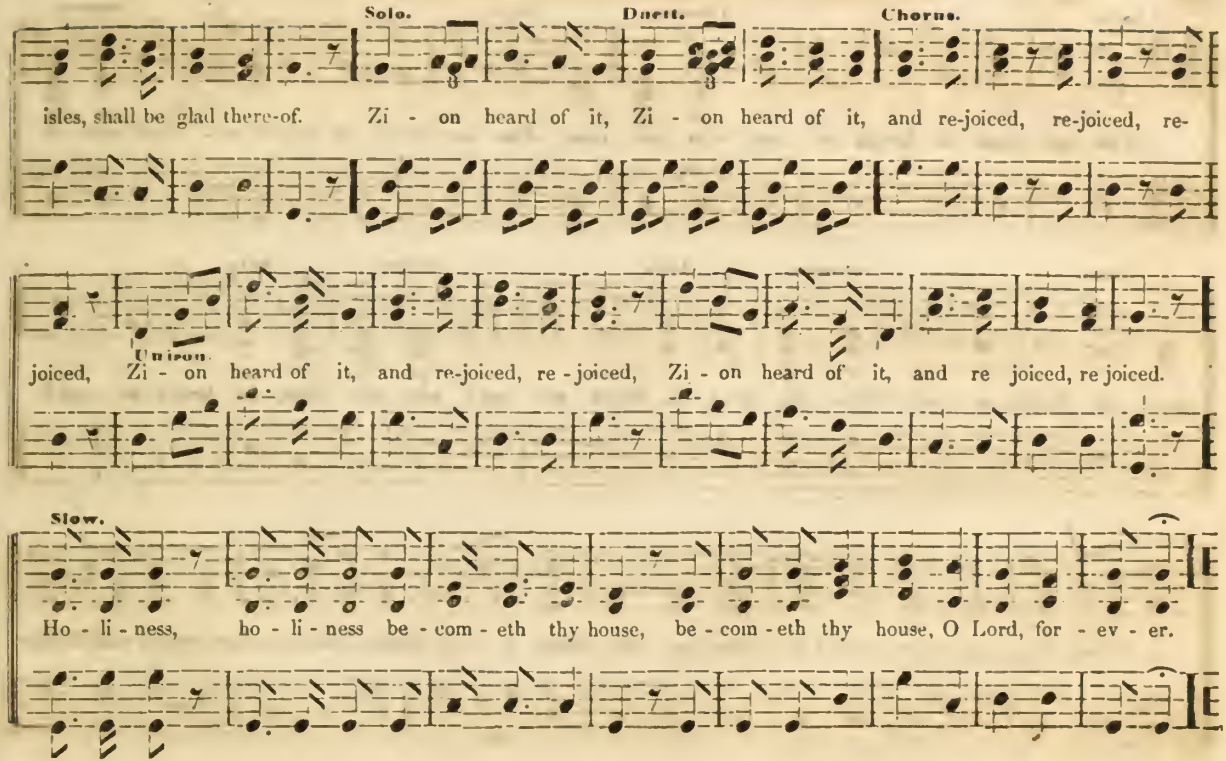
427. HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

L. O. EMERSON.




He shall feed his flock, like a shep-herd, like a shepherd. And he shall gath - er the lambs,
He shall gath-er the lambs with his arms, with his arms, And car - ry them, and car - ry them in his
pp
bo - som, gath-er the lambs, gath - er the lambs, gath-er the lambs.

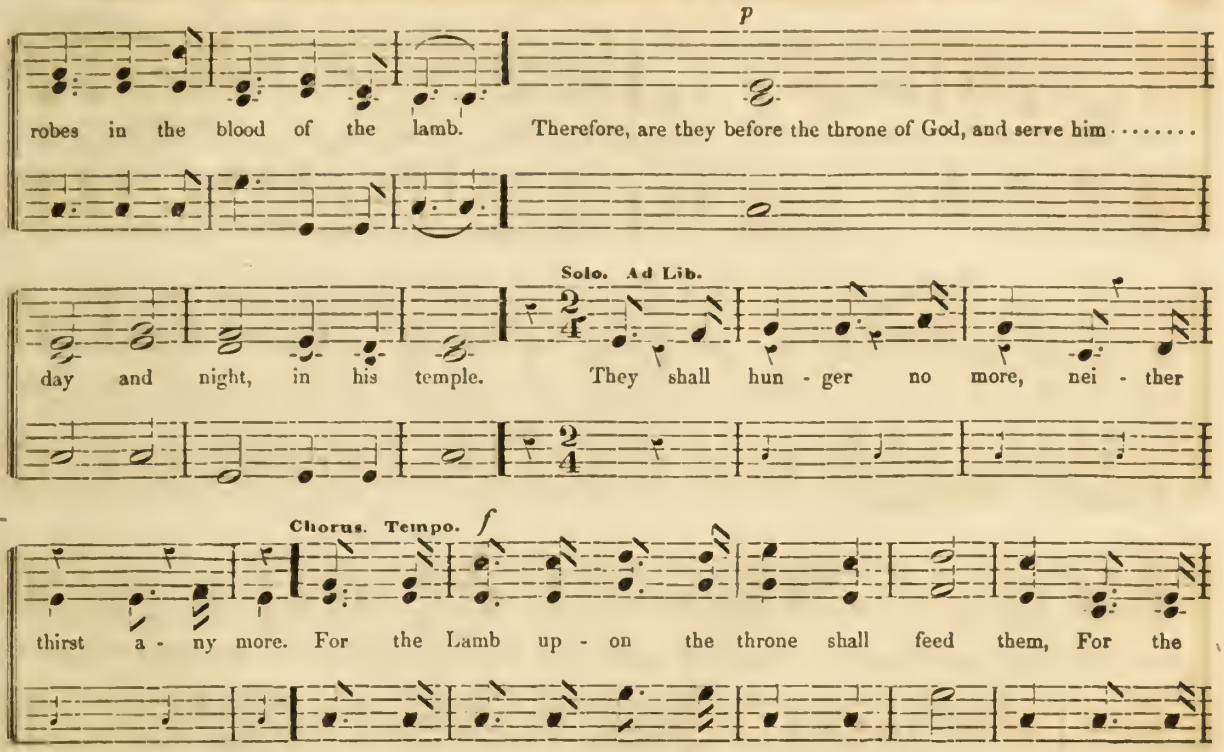

Re - joice, re-joice, re - joice, re-joice, The Lord is King, re - joice, re-joice, the Lord is King, re-
Solo.
joice, re - joice, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King. The earth may be
Duett.
glad, the earth may be glad there-of: Yea, the mul-ti - tude, the mul-ti-tude of the isles, the mul-ti - tude of the


Solo.
Duett.
Chorus.
isles, shall be glad there-of. Zi - on heard of it, Zi - on heard of it, and re-joiced, re-joiced, re-
Unison.
joiced, Zi - on heard of it, and re-joiced, re - joiced, Zi - on heard of it, and re joiced, re joiced.
Slow.
Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be - com - eth thy house, be - com - eth thy house, O Lord, for - ev - er.

429. WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

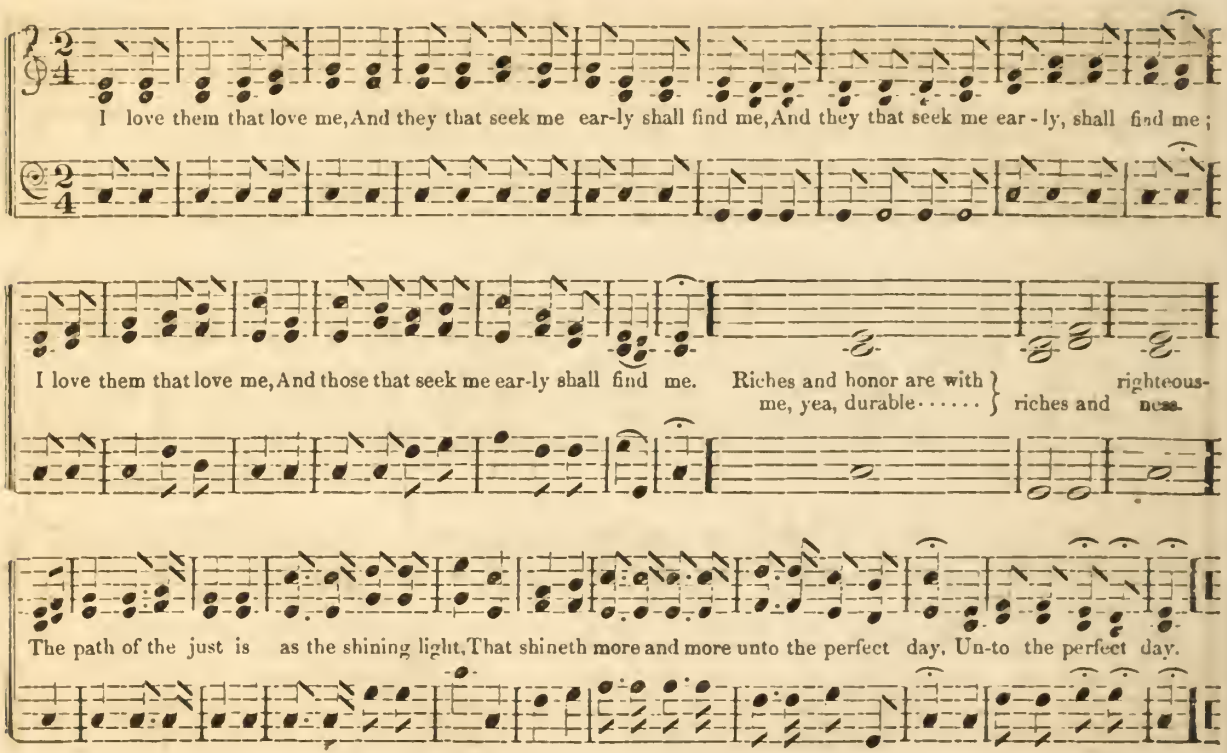
L. O. EMERSON.




p
robes in the blood of the lamb. Therefore, are they before the throne of God, and serve him
Solo. Ad Lib.
day and night, in his temple. They shall hun - ger no more, nei - ther
Chorus. Tempo. f
thirst a - ny more. For the Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them, For the


Solo.
Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them, And lead them····· to liv - - ing
Ad Lib.
p Chorus. Quite slow.
foun-tains, to liv - - ing foun-tains. And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their
Cres.
p
eyes, And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes.


1. The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fai - ry land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with
Fine.
long'd to see, Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are
lov - er's eyes, On home, sweet home. There where vows are tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are
D.C.
so en - dear - ing, All the world is not so cheer - ing, As home, sweet home.
so u - nit - ed, All the world be - side I've slight - ed, For home, sweet home.


I love them that love me, And they that seek me ear-ly shall find me, And they that seek me ear-ly, shall find me;
I love them that love me, And those that seek me ear-ly shall find me.
Riches and honor are with me, yea, durable
riches and
righteous-ness.
The path of the just is as the shining light, That shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Un-to the perfect day.



3 Dear Saviour! may we with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will gain,
With the Song of Redemption — the Lamb that was slain.

4 Now children, and teachers, and friends all unite,
In a loud Hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain.
The Song of Redemption — the Lamb that was slain.

Written by GEO. M. DOWE.

A MUSICAL DIALOGUE.

It purports to be a little incident in Sunday School life.

Six boys and girls are on the way to Sunday School: all belong except John, who after some conversation and singing, is persuaded to join. The piece commences with a Chorus in which all the school unite.

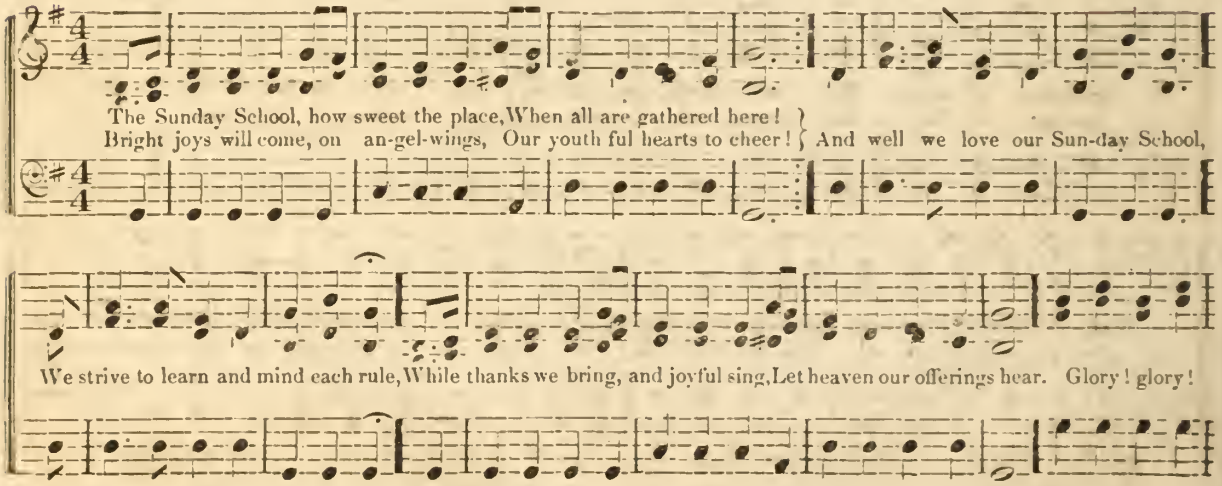
CHARLES, HENRY, } Boys of 10 to 12, belonging to the school.

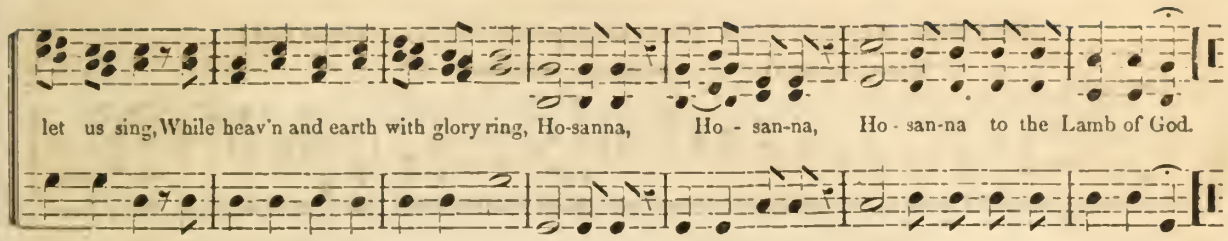
JOHN, ... A friend and playmate, not a member of the school.

ELLEN, FANNIE, LIZZIE, } Girls from 8 to 12.

OPENING CHORUS.

433





Enter Charles and John. [*From opposite directions.*]

CHARLES. "Good morning, good morning, John. Fine Sunday this—which way now?"

JOHN; [*hesitating.*] "O! nowhere—only just for a pleasant walk; my father told me—"

CHARLES; [*speaking quickly.*] "Told you to go to Sunday School?"

JOHN. "Yes, Charles, he did; but then, you should not take the matter so seriously—I don't believe he'll care if I should'nt go.

CHARLES. "Perhaps not, John; but no matter for that, whether I take it seriously or not—come, right about, and go with me—come, sit in my class —"

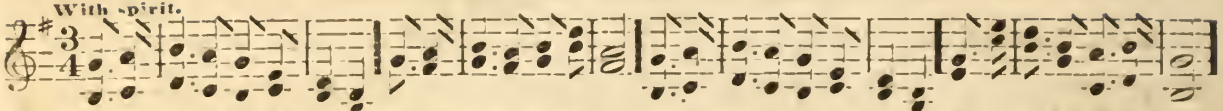
[*While Charles is speaking Ellen and Fannie enter.*]

ELLEN and FANNIE sing.



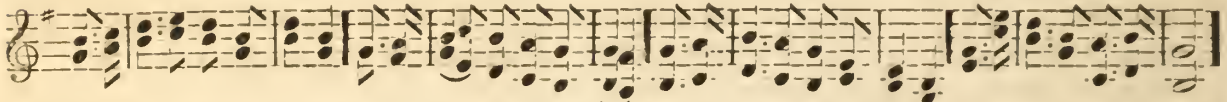
Enter Henry, and Lizzie, [from different directions, while Ellen and Fannie sing.]

CHARLES and HENRY, [*in response to the two girls.*]



We are young, the world's before us, Pleasures spread on every hand; Haste we to the Ark of safety, Haste to join the happy band.

FANNIE, and LIZZIE sing.



Come with us! come let us hasten; Come, the joyous strain prolong; For these heav'nly blessings given, Let us raise our grateful song.

CHARLES to JOHN: [*both coming forward.*] "Hear that singing; now accept the invitation. Come!" [*taking his arm.*]

JOHN. "No—I'd rather not;" [*hanging back.*] CHARLES. "Let us join the girls, and sing too."

HENRY; [*interposing.*] "O, John! come, please do! Come and see what a pleasant school we have, and what nice books we get to read."

THE GIRLS SING.

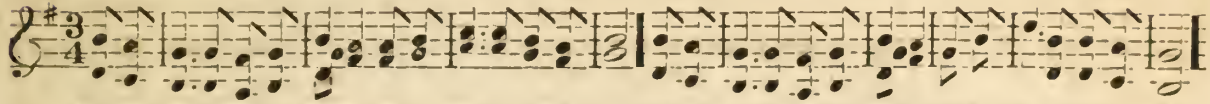


Come with us, come let us hasten, Come with us, no more de - lay!

JOHN; *to Charles and Henry.* Why can't I spend my time just as profitably, walking abroad?

CHARLES. Because at Sunday School the path to higher knowledge is laid open, 'tis there we learn of God and Heaven;

CHARLES and HENRY sing.



JOHN. What is this treasure you sing of?

HENRY. It is a knowledge of the way of Truth, and there we learn the duties we owe to each other and to God.

CHARLES. *Will* you not go with us?

JOHN. Perhaps the same advantages can be had outside!

CHARLES. I think not, John! you had better go with us.

The THREE GIRLS sing.



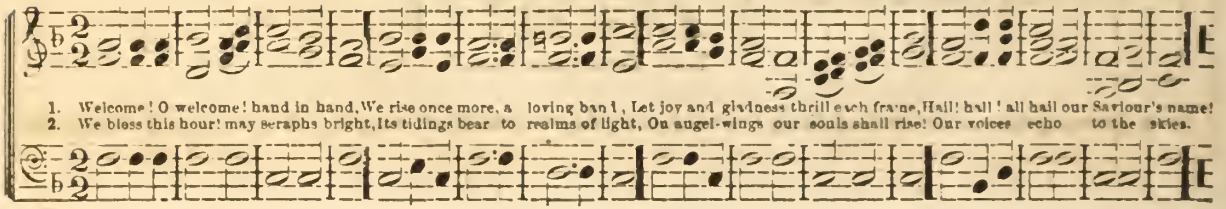
JOHN. [*standing between Charles and Henry*] 'I will go and join your school: and WILL TRY to become a punctual scholar.'

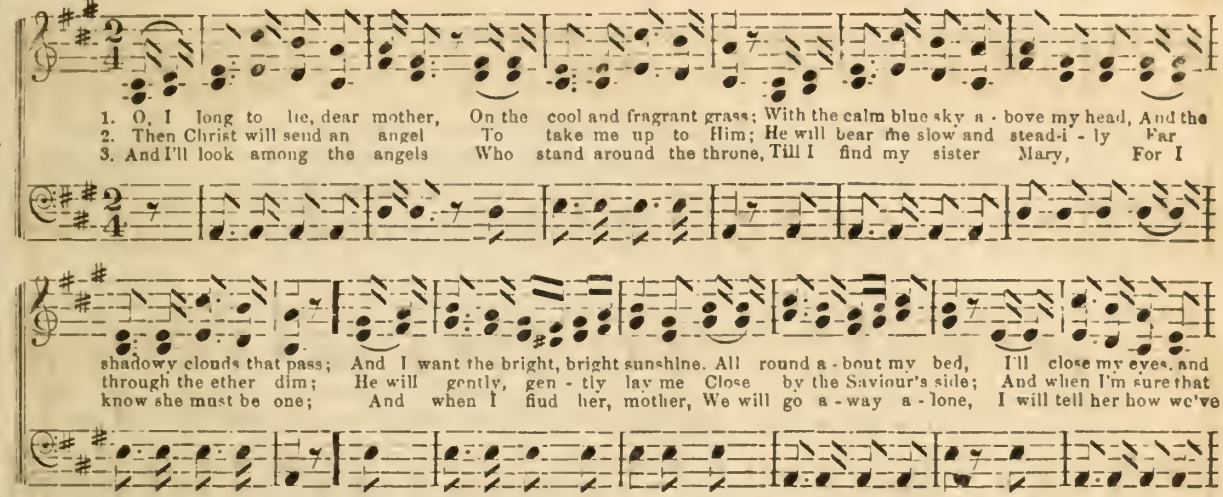
THE SIX BOYS AND GIRLS, ALL TOGETHER; ARRIVING NEAR THE SCHOOL.



CLOSING CHORUS, BY THE WHOLE SCHOOL.

(Tune.— FEDERAL STREET.)





4

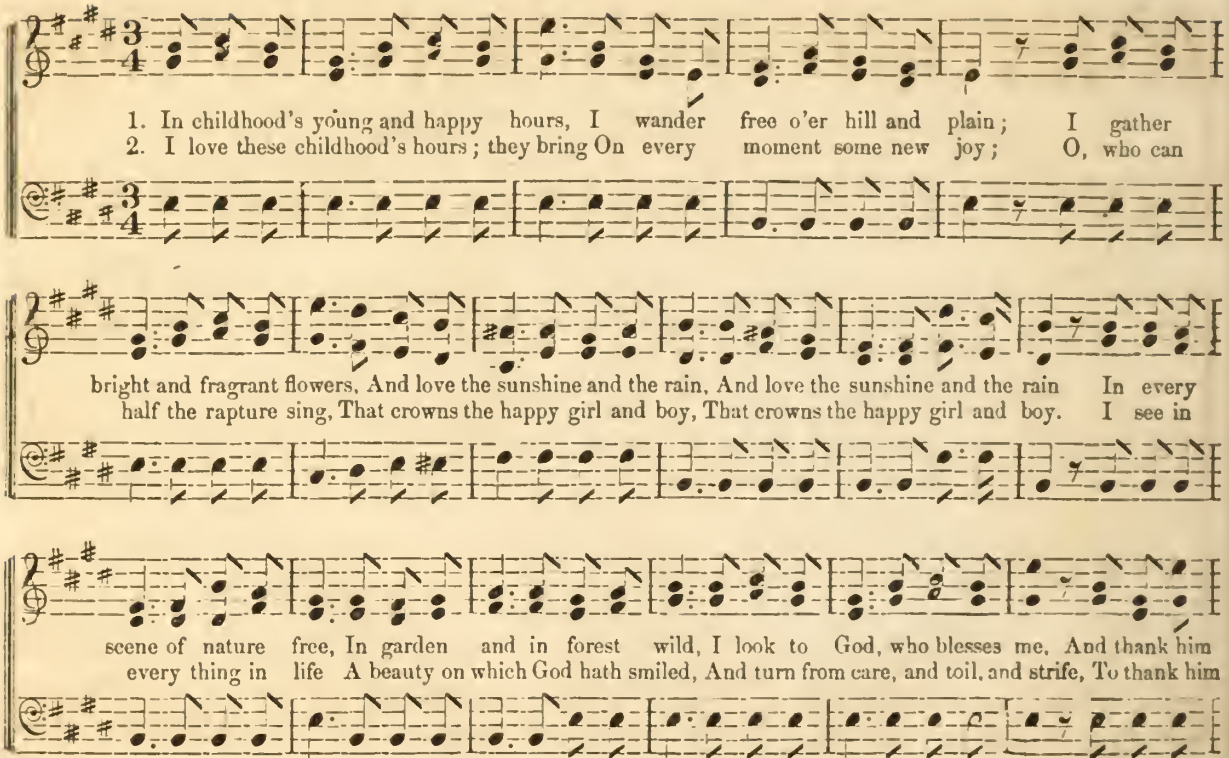
O! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Tho' I know she'll not return to us,
To ask her would be vain;
So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

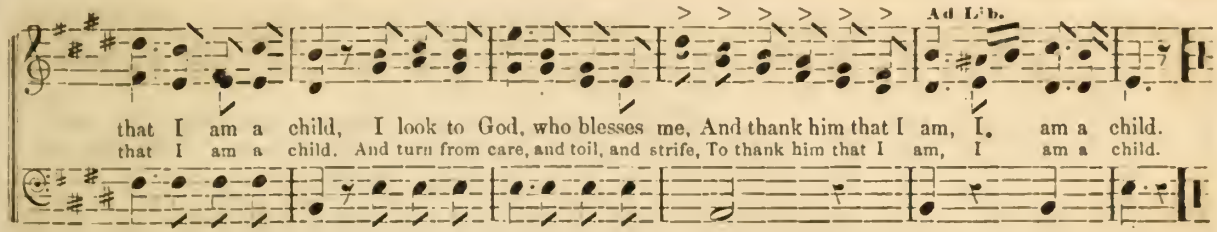
5

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you;
He will bear me slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue;
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath the tree,
This sultry summer day.

135. CHILDHOOD'S YOUNG AND HAPPY HOURS.

Words by J. S. ADAMS.
Music by J. W. CHERRY.





436. MARY AT THE CROSS. B. F. BAKER.



1 Jews were wrought to cruel madness, Christians fled in fear and sadness, Mary stood the cross beside.
2. At its foot her foot she planted, By the dreadful scene nn- dannted, Till the gentle suff'-rer died.
3. Poets oft have sung her story, Painters deck'd her brow with glory, Priests her name have de - fied;
4 But no worship, song, or glory, Touches like that simple story, "Mary stood the cross be- side."
5. And when under fierce op- pression Goodness suffers like trans- gression, Christ again is cru - ci- fied.
6. But if love be there, true- hearted, By no grief or terror parted, Mary stands the cross be- side.

437.

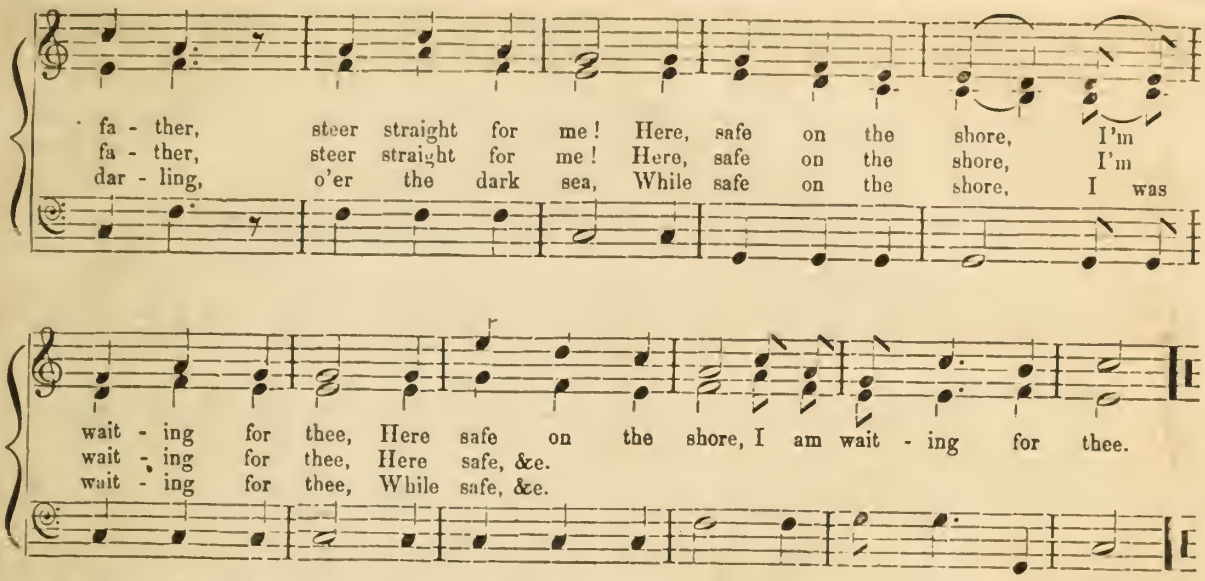
God our Shepherd.

1 The Lord is our Shepherd, and we are his lambs; the wind to the shorn one he tempers and | calms; |
He leads us where silent the clear waters | flow. |
To feed in green pastures whe e | cool zephyrs | blow.

2 His mercy shall guide us through youth's giddy stage. Our shelter from storms, and our solace in | age, |
And through the dark valley, tho' gloomy and | drear, |
We'll lean on his staff, and no | evil will | fear.

3 The lambs of his flock are his tenderest care: Our pasture in spring he will kindly pre- | pare; |
His goodness has been our dependence and | gu de. |
And in his fold we will | ever | abide.


1. I re - mem - ber a voice which once guid - ed my way, When tossed on the
2. I re - mem - ber that voice as it led our lone way, 'Midst rocks and through
3. I re - mem - ber my joy when I held to my breast, The form of that
sea - fog en - shroud - ed I lay; 'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the
break - ers and high dash - ing spray; How sweet to my heart did it sound from the
dear one, and soothed it to rest; For the tones of my child whispered soft to my
shore, It sound - ed like mu - sic o'er the dark bil - low's roar; Come this way my
shore, As it ech - oed so clear - ly o'er the dark bil - low's roar; Come this way my
ear, I cail - ed dear fa - ther, And I knew you would hear, The voice of your



4 That voice is now hushed which then guided my way,
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
I am calling you, father, Oh! can you not hear
The voice of your darling as you toss on life's sea!
For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee!
For on a bright shore, &c.

5 I remember that voice, in many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power;
And still echoes far out over life's troubled wave,
And sounds from the loved lips that lie silent in the grave
Come this way my father, Oh! steer straight for me!
Here, safely in heaven I am waiting for thee,
Here, safely, &c.

Acquaint yourselves early.....108
Again returns the Sabbath-day... 16
A glorious day is breaking 139
A little word in kindness said ... 99
A mourning class, a vacant seat .. 18
All hail the joyful morning 138
All things beautiful and fair..... 76
All ye nations, praise the Lord .. 80
Almighty Father, God of love 7
Almighty Father, heavenly King.. 45
Almighty God, to thee on high ... 5
Almighty God, to thee 27
Another day is past 61
As bowed by sudden storms, the rose 39
As drops which from the mountain 25
As teachers of the rising race 25
As thou forgivest us..... 56
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep. . 4
Assembled in our school once more 30
Attracted by love's sacred force .. 38
Auspicious morning, hail 106
Awake, my soul..... 5
Awake, our hearts 17
Awake the song that gave to earth 27
Awake ye saints and raise your eyes 49
Away dull care and sorrow 133
Away from home to school we come 142
Beautiful Zion, built above 131
Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true 51
Be firm, whatever tempts thy soul 21
Be it my only wisdom here 100
Be kind to thy father.....124
Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way. 42
Be thou, O God, exalted high 28
Behold the ark of God..... 62
Behold the morning sun..... 65
Behold the Prince of Peace 69
Beware, beware of careless words . 99
Blest are the meek, he said 68
Blest work! the youthful mind .. 42
Bless, O Lord, each opening year.. 76
Brother, thou art gone to rest .. 135
By cool Siloam's shady rill 37
Called by the Sabbath bells away 24
Calm on the bosom of thy God. .. 51
Calm on the list'ning ear of night. 44
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